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A WEEKLY JOURNAL
REFLECTING
THE INTERESTS
OF THINKING PEOPLE

WILLIAM MARION REEDY
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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THE twelfth number of the MIRROR PAMPHLETS is an essay that tells the story of the life of Sir Richard Burton, and presents a condensed analysis of his famous poem, "The Kasidah." Everybody who has read the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam should know "The Kasidah." The Burton poem is not so pleasing, perhaps, as the quatrains given the world by Fitz Gerald, but it is entirely modern in tone, and it gives a practical turn to the spirit of negation that Omar sings. The Omar cult is a vast one now-a-days, but it is a cult that is ineffective in the world. Burton's negation is, paradoxical though it appears, constructive. The little essay entitled, "A Gipsy Genius," will introduce author and poem to a great many readers who will be grateful for the meeting. The MIRROR PAMPHLETS are sold at 5 cents per copy. They are issued monthly, and the subscription price for one year (twelve numbers) is 50 cents.



CONTENTS.

THE FUTURE OF CHINA: Why Partition Seems Unavoidable. By W. M. R.....	1-2
REFLECTIONS: Our Makers of Anarchists—Weath's Power—Aesthetics In Politics—To Trade Off Mr. Bryan—It Is To Laugh—Victory For the Thin Waist—Reform in St. Louis—Man and Machine—Class Representation—The Andy Hoolan—A Good Candidate.....	3-5
MCKINLEY OR BRYAN: The Presidential Campaign From a English Standpoint.....	5
A SINGER'S CHALLENGE: Poem. By Ernest McGaffey.....	6
PARIS EXPOSITION FAILURE: A Warning for St. Louis.....	6
JESUS AND THE RICH: The Saviour's Attitude Toward Weath.....	7
THE SONG OF THE NE'R-DO-WELL: Poem. By John Jerome Rooney.....	7
A "RECONSTRUCTION" NOVEL: "Benevolent Assimilation" in the South. By Frances Porcher.....	7
THE GATE KEEPER: Poem. By Nora Hopper.....	8-9
CHINA'S TRIPLE RELIGION: By James Irving Crabbe.....	9
THE BLUE FOX MUFF: A Winter Story for Hot Weather.....	9
LOVELIEST LINES IN POETRY: The British Poet-Laureate's Opinion.....	9
WICKED SOCIETY: Cannot be Curbed at Newport.....	10
SUMMER MUSIC: By the Lounger.....	11
LOCAL POLITICS: By the Committee-man.....	12
DORLEY BUYS A BELT.....	13
STOCK MARKET.....	14
COMMUNICATIONS.....	16

THE FUTURE OF CHINA.

WHY PARTITION SEEMS UNAVOIDABLE.

THE Nations do protest too much. China will be dismembered, though all the Powers profess to desire only the maintenance of the integrity of the empire. Pekin will be taken. The government of China will be made to atone for whatever injury may have been inflicted on the foreigners.

But China is a vast country and the taking of Pekin may, and probably will, be the beginning of a war the duration of which no one can tell. It may be necessary to pursue the government of China from town to town, from province to province. The millions of natives can furnish army after army to meet the invader and in such numbers as to make the allies weary of slaughter. If, as seems likely, the so-called Boxer movement is really a new birth of China, the allies will have such a task before them as may, in the words of Mr. Kruger, "stagger humanity." An army of 80,000,000 men, even though not led by the best military talent, can put up a fearful fight, and there are signs that the Chinese are not without a certain amount of military skill, while the operations at Pekin have revealed unsuspected heavy guns in the possession of the Oriental forces. Such a fighting force might be divided into eighty armies, and the growth of a new national spirit will make them all fight with the greater ferocity.

Supposing the war to continue against such a force, what a demand it will make on the nations engaged in the struggle! It has been estimated that the allies would have to maintain an army of at least 400,000 men in China, but a glance at the map and a remembrance of the population's numbers, and a reflection that the vast population hates the foreigners fanatically, will convince anyone that such a force would probably be much too small for security of foreign interests in the Empire. Granting that the Chinese should prove cowards, and the Allies should easily capture the government and enforce reparation and recognition of foreign rights, the question would be whether a garrison of such proportions could be long maintained by the Powers. The cost would be enormous.

When the Allies have punished the Chinese the question will arise as to what sort of government shall be established. The European powers may try to govern as a sort of syndicate, or they may name a Chinese Emperor to be governed by an International Council of Ambassadors. The Powers would have to support it. It is not conceivable that the Chinese people would ever be willing to pay for the support of foreign troops dominating their country. A Chinese Emperor might bear with foreign dictation and domination for a time, but only until opportunity offered to attack the outsiders. The garrison of foreigners in China would have to be eternally in a state of complete preparedness and the work of keeping it so would be constantly exasperating to the Chinese. The different Powers have all they can do now to maintain standing armies at home. The drain for a Chinese army would seriously impair their resources. Besides, the cost would not be productive of much benefit. The Powers would gain nothing definite in the way of trade returns.

Furthermore, the millennium is not at hand and jealousy among the Powers cannot be suppressed. Each will be claiming, justly or unjustly, that others are getting the greater advantages of the alliance. Now, the Powers have their "spheres of influence." They are not likely to abandon them for the general good of China and of other nations, however the rulers may talk. They will not let go of what they have for a common cause. They will insist upon taking care of what they have seized or what has been ceded to them and upon taking their

chances of adding to their possessions. Russia will feel that she can take care of Manchuria, Mongolia and Pe-chili. Germany is prepared to undertake the cost and responsibility of maintaining order in Shantung and Hunan. Great Britain is interested in Thibet and Central China and France in the South. They can possibly raise cheap Chinese armies and exact revenues from those provinces to pay for them. Each feels that this would be better than an attempt to govern the whole vast territory of China. The cost of conquering and subduing China, as a whole, will operate to deter the Powers from the attempt, if that result mean only a greater cost to keep the whole of China subdued. Either the Powers must go into a combination to keep China in order or they must abandon China altogether, or they must simply hold what they have and make the best of it. The last alternative seems the one that appeals most powerfully to common sense. It promises profit. It permits each Power to go it alone.

Again, the combination of the Powers to maintain government and order in China, cannot, in the nature of things, last very long. How can a combination upon one purpose be continued with nations in conflict on other purposes? The Nations cannot put aside their special interests for the interests of all. The federation of the world is still a poet's dream. Nations in Europe are not going into combinations for their health or simply to spend money. To maintain the Chinese combination all the international quarrels will have to be dropped. An English writer, indulging in a forecast for China, suggests some of the irritating effects of an attempt to maintain a combination. "Russia," he says, "will feel debarred from action in the Balkans lest Austria leave the syndicate; France must cease to plot in Morocco lest offence should be given to Great Britain; Germany will be afraid of offending France; Great Britain will be restricted in Africa at every turn; while Austria, which in Europe is a great Power with two millions of soldiers, will fret under an isolation which leaves her fettered from all action, but with no glory, no 'compensation,' and no future share in the world's trade."

The combination to govern China can only last by an abandonment of rivalries elsewhere. That abandonment is impossible. It is impossible that all the governments should withdraw from China. Therefore, they will stay as they are, and, in the end, each will be recognized as supreme in its field, with full taxing power and with its own army. The Powers will be free in China in order that, should occasion come, they may be free to fight elsewhere. They are not easy in their arrangement over Turkey. Their experiment there is not a success, because their combination is not harmonious. Each is afraid of the other. This condition would only be intensified in China. It is, therefore, likely that the Powers in China will agree to disagree, and each will go its own gait in a territory allotted to it by consent of all. After that, in all probability, as each Power grows stronger in its own field, we shall find them at war one with another.

Meanwhile there will be the mysterious Chinese to reckon with. They will probably foment discord between the Powers at all times. They will continue to arise in revolt at intervals and the Powers will have to suppress them. The prospects for a long peace in China, even after the Allies have redressed the recent grievances, are not good. Partition being inevitable, war between the partitioners must be inevitable.

The United States has declared against partition. It insists only upon an open door. But the question arises whether the insistence will be heeded after partition. It is also a question whether, having declared against partition the partitioning by other Powers would not be an insult

The Mirror.

sufficient to force us into war with the Powers ignoring our protest. It seems likely that, as the United States is interested in punishing China for indignities to its minister and the slaughter of its citizens, the final agreement as to what shall be done with China must be participated in by this country. What will be our share? Shall it be only the right to trade freely in the territories of the other Powers? That is what we say to-day. But all the Powers say they oppose partition to-day. If they violate their word, as argued above they must, they may close the open door. And if the door were closed, would the United States bear it? The United States may be forced to take some Chinese territory in order to maintain its position as to the open door.

In any event the Chinese question is sure to have the world by the ears until far in the Twentieth Century, and in China will probably be fought the prophesied Armageddon, in which all the nations of the earth are to take part. There seems no good reason to suppose that the United States can keep out of it, try we never so desperately. We shall be in it surely, and surely no American believes, at heart, that our attitude can be such as to put us in alliance with China against the civilized nations. We certainly cannot force the Powers to give up what they have in China. And it may require all the virtue at our command to resist the temptation to accept a slice of territory when the partition begins. Three years ago no one thought the United States would be holding the Philippines to-day. Who shall say how we shall stand as to China ten years from now?

W. M. R.

REFLECTIONS.

Our Makers of Anarchists

A GOOD way to make anarchists numerous is the way of the yellow journals, making heroic stories of the lives of the assassins and conspirators. The rot that is written about the Italians at Patterson, N. J., is just the sort of thing to nerve the arm of some maniac against some American. Such reading matter, issued in conjunction with certain brands of editorial against Trusts and Imperialism, is calculated to make the discontented in the United States adopt the Italian method of redressing grievances. The glamour of romance thrown about fellows like Malatesta or Bressi or women like Emma Goldman is nothing but an inducement to assassination. With all respect for freedom of opinion, it may be said that the spirit of some of the attacks upon President McKinley, coming at a time when Humbert's fate is fresh in mind, is enough to impel some crazy fanatic to imitate Bressi at Washington under the impression that he is emulating Brutus. The Chicago *Public*, a single-tax paper of wide influence, follows up the Humbert assassination with some comment that shows how discontent in this country may be directed in the channel of murder. The *Public* says that King Humbert "died of a social disease." His death was "as logical as his death from the plague would have been, had he exposed himself to its ravages." This, however we may disguise it by social theory, is justification of assassination. Humbert "lived in great luxury." He had a "fabulous income." His palaces were numerous and splendid. All come from the toil of the peasantry. He was simply in the path of a disease and fell before it. Disparities of wealth breed this disease. "As swamps breed malaria, such conditions breed assassins." And so on, in the same strain. What are we to argue, then, when we find the *Public* and the yellow dailies asserting that the same conditions exist here, in a measure, as in Italy? Why, simply that assassination is logical here as there. There is no getting away from this. The logical way to eliminate social disease is to eliminate those who personify the disease. The Chicago *Public* would not openly approve of assassination, but it does so by inference. Why weep over Humbert? He was only another McKinley, Mark Hanna, Pierpont Morgan, John W. Gates, John D. Rockefeller. They have luxury. They have large incomes. They are cases of disease. Their obliteration might stop the spread of the disease. Therefore, why may not some fanatic reformer proceed to make

a hero of himself by applying to the American ailment the remedy that was applied at Monza? The Chicago *Public*'s editorials support beautifully the heroic twaddle in the yellow dailies. The *Public* goes further in encouragement of assassination than even Mr. Hearst, Mr. Pulitzer or the other saffron saints who are pollophiles for pennies in the purse. If Humbert died of a disease, then the thing to do is to stamp out the Bressi and Malatesta microbes. If things be bad for the masses under the present order, they can only be worse under anarchy or no order. The editorials that use the speech of Malatesta and Bressi to proclaim free silver are editorials that, in effect, proclaim free murder. The papers that rail at the successful, in anarchist phrases, in this country, and then make heroes of anarchist assassins, advocate anarchy. The average editorial against President McKinley's policies and friends would make a good anarchist speech at Patterson, N. J., and then the writers of the editorials repudiate the demon they have evoked. "See!" Mr. Post, of the *Public*, seems to say "the disease in Italy is the same as here. Behold how it works out!" "It can be stamped out only by removing its cause." The cause is "the maladjustment of society which yields luxury to such as him (Humbert) at the expense of disinheriting and debasing poverty to millions of his subjects." The *Public* might as well say to its clientele: "Go, thou and do as Bressi has done!" The yellow dailies say the same thing in a different way, by lionizing the assassins. And the manufacture of American anarchists goes on right joyously. The cause of reform in America is not helped by such efforts in its behalf. The reformers, in the first place, lie. Conditions here are not the same as in Italy. There is discontent here, but it is a discontent founded mainly on falsification, on frothy rhetoric. There is not any justification, to any American, of the methods of remedying social maladjustments applied in Humbert's case. There are too many "reformers" in America who are lying to other people about the maladjustments of society—and getting money or office thereby. Conditions here are far from perfect, but they are not conditions that justify any American writer in finding excuses for the assassination of Humbert in order to inflame passion against men in this land. Reformers who excuse European assassination as logical, and then say that the conditions which make assassination logical exist in this country, are promoters of assassination. And proprietors of great dailies that celebrate assassins in portraiture and sloppy writing are assassins also. Opposition journalism in America is pro-assassination in general trend, despite late and perfunctory small editorials against the anarchists. The Opposition leaders are going to great extremes in their methods when they tell the American workingman, in effect, that he ought to do as the Italian did at Monza, because his plight is much the same. The chief representatives of Opposition in this country are anarchists, when, in press and forum, they attempt to put the American workingman on a level with the Italian and to put into his mind the same thoughts of wrong and into his hand the same weapon of redress.

* * *

Wealth's Power

THE power of wealth is sometimes impotence. Jester, recently tried for the murder of Gilbert Gates thirty years ago, was acquitted because his alleged victim's brother, John W. Gates, a millionaire, financed the prosecution. Wealth was never weaker in the world, than in these materialistic times. Wealth is so poor it can't get justice.

* * *

Aesthetics in Politics

MR. JAMES J. BUTLER for Congress in the Twelfth District! The Christian Endeavor, the Epworth League, the Y. M. C. A., and similar "votes" are ignored. Mr. Butler is distasteful to the St. Louis *Republic*. Ditto to the *Post-Dispatch*. But the people to whom Mr. Butler is distasteful are not the people. The Christian Endeavorers, Epworth Leaguers and Y. M. C. A.'s are not Chicago Platformers. As for the *Republic* and the *Post-Dispatch*, their silence on the coinage plank is the only silvery thing

about them. The men who do the voting and do it scientifically are for Mr. Butler. The anti-Puritans are for Mr. Butler. All the dilettanti, the illuminati, the della cruscans are for Mr. Butler, the votaries of the coarser and of the finer pleasure making common cause. Why? Mr. Butler represents freedom. Any good fellow can get on the free-list at Mr. Butler's Standard Theater. Mr. Butler represents Art. Look what the Standard Theater does for Art? It shows us the real primal Art of the world—naked and unashamed—divinely unconscious of the sin of the world. The Standard Theater brings the art dramatic to the people, or, at least, it brings the people to the art dramatic in large numbers. There only, in all the aesthetically arid West, we find upon the stage the fresh, large utterance of the early gods. It is only degeneracy masquerading as refinement that objects to the virile vigor of the Standard's Art. Aesthetics have never had a representative in Congress. Mr. Butler is the man to mark the innovation of giving culture a crack at politics. The Standard brings us near to Nature's heart. Nature there has her clothes off. Mr. Butler's nomination for Congress is the uprising of the beauty-aspiration in the people. His father is a boss, but Mr. Butler did not pick out his father. Mr. Butler may have been a wild boy, but Mr. Butler was only what many other men have been. He has done a great deal for the intellectual and aesthetic side of St. Louis. His Standard Theater made more money last season than any other theater in St. Louis. That shows that the people are not inappreciative of his efforts for their elevation. Mr. Butler's nomination comes to him unanimously, as freely and spontaneously as leaps up the applause to approve the art of the Vaseline Sisters at his own temple of Thalia. There is no broad ground upon which anyone can oppose the nomination of Mr. Butler. Such opposition must be narrow and bigoted. Votaries of the "wide-open" philosophy must support him. If it were not for Mr. Butler's hospitable attitude toward the delicious unconventionality of the new aestheticism, thousands of St. Louisans would never have seen so much of Sam T. Jack's Creoles or the Twentieth Century Maids. But for him thousands of people would never have heard those *arcana* which "Love scarce lives and hears," would never have penetrated to "the shrine where a sin is a prayer." Mr. Butler stands on the Democratic platform and on the Standard stage and it isn't any straddle to do so, either. There be those who object to both structures, but they are not the friends of the people. If Mr. Butler accept the platform of the new Rights of Man, no regular Democrat can oppose him. Only people lost to light and reason, people who reject the platform and scorn the simple, strong, savorome, sensual joyousness of the Standard stage, will oppose him. 'Rah for Mr. Butler!

* * *

To Trade Off Mr. Bryan

THERE is menace to Mr. Bryan in the prominence given in certain of his organs to the fact that, even if Mr. Bryan should be defeated, the House of Representatives will probably be Democratic. There is a chance here that the politicians may sacrifice Mr. Bryan in order to get Congress, on the theory that the organization is greater than the man. It may be easy to get gold bugs in close districts to vote for Democratic Congressmen in consideration of scratching against Mr. Bryan by the organization. There are some signs, too, that the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee is not averse to a Democratic majority in the House. In such a majority, if small enough, there would probably be enough gold men and imperialists to vote with the Republicans, to carry the Republican policies. The Republican party, as a party, cares more for the election of Mr. McKinley than the Democratic party cares for the election of Mr. Bryan. The Republicans, with the Senate solid, can take chances on a Democratic House. The Democratic spoilsman do not care for Mr. Bryan particularly, because Mr. Bryan is not a machine man. A great many of them favored his nomination on his own terms as the easiest way to get him beaten and shelved. If the machine Democrats can capture the House they can fix things, through the Congressmen, to sweep out the Popu-

lists in the party, in 1904. The student of politics, as the game is played these days, need not be over-suspicious in order to see signs that Mr. Bryan may be sacrificed in doubtful States in order to gain Congressmen. The Republicans will be willing to enter into such a dicker.

* * *

It is to Laugh

THE Declaration of Independence doesn't count in North Carolina. It is only for Tagals in the Philippines, not for the Carolina "coon." "Consent of the governed" in North Carolina is effete. The Red Shirts, whose hearts bleed for the Filipino, don't hesitate to spill the heart's blood of the Southern negro, if he aspires to the ballot. And Tillman, who advocates lynch law for blacks in South Carolina, shudders at the mere thought of coercing the native of Luzon. "It is to laugh."

* * *

Victory For the Shirt Waist

EVERY newspaper in the land is now exploiting the MIRROR'S idea that it would be a good thing for men to be allowed, by custom, to appear in public in shirt-sleeves in summer. Five years ago this paper started the crusade. The other papers have been slow to recognize a good thing; but better late than never. And the man in shirt-sleeves is in evidence everywhere. The reform has come to stay. It is a common-sense reform. It is picturesque. It puts color into the hitherto drab spectacle of the male crowd. It will add dignity as well as ease to men. It will give them a much needed self-consciousness of figure. It will improve their temper. Nine-tenths of the discomfort of summer will disappear with the discarding of coats and vests. And the more one sees of the new fashion the more attractive it becomes. At last Sunday's ball game in this city the shirt-sleeved man was in evidence. The neatly belted waist, the slight ballooning of the shirt, front and back, the white, high, turned-down collar and colored tie, the general clean-cutness of effect made a very attractive exhibition of manly form. Even the uproarious, cerise shirt of Mr. "Dump" Dyer was accepted as a delightful vagary, although it was enough to frighten the umpire, and to account for the error of the mighty McGraw, or the summersault of Donlin. When exquisites, exemplars of preciosity like Mr. "Dump" Dyer, take up the shirt-sleeves habit it is certain that the habit has come to stay, but the approval of the new fashion comes from "all sorts and conditions of men." The leading bad man of St. Louis, Mr.

John Thomas Brady, killed a colored man last Saturday night while in his shirt-sleeves. But that the habit is endorsed by high, intellectual lights is even more gratifying to the editor of the MIRROR, after his five-year fight for the reform. It is not often that the editor of this paper prints things about himself, but he cannot refrain from reproducing here the appended tribute, in the speech of Goethe and Heine, from the pen of the greatest German-American editor in America, Dr. Emil Pretorius, of *Die Westliche Post*. It would be silly for the editor to disparage the appreciation of Dr. Pretorius. What the great editor of *Die Westliche Post* says on any subject is authoritative to all thinking men, and when he approves the shirt-waist for men we must accept it and record it, even though it carry as a "rider," kind words for the editor of the MIRROR. The approval of Dr. Pretorius is highly important. If it be true, as alleged, that the re-election of the present administration of this country is endangered by reason of the fact that the German-American voter is opposed to imperialism, it is important to know that such an eminent German-American as Dr. Pretorius is in favor of the masculine shirt-waist. If the German-Americans are to swing the country politically, then we may rest assured that when an element so powerful, following such a leader as Dr. Pretorius, declares for the shirt-waist, there is no power on earth that can stop its progress. That the reader of the MIRROR may know exactly what Dr. Pretorius said upon the subject of the shirt-waist in last Saturday's issue of *Die Westliche Post* it is printed here. It is history. Not marble monuments, perennial brass, storied urn, or animated bust, shall outlive the fame of us who have emanci-

pated poor, perspiring, male man from the torrid tyranny of the coat and vest in summer. Dr. Pretorius' eloquent utterances are as follows:

Tritt für eine gute Sache ein

Wenn es gilt, für eine gute Sache einzutreten und dem gesunden Menschenverstande zum Siege zu verhelfen, so kann man stets sicher sein, in den ersten Reihen der Kämpfenden den "Mirror" und dessen Chefredakteur Herrn William Marion Reedy zu finden. Herr Reedy ist einer der befähigsten unserer in englischer Sprache schreibenden Journalisten, und wer seine Artikel regelmäßig liest, für den hat es weiter nichts Befremdendes, daß ihn seine Bewunderer einen zweiten Horace Greeley nennen. Sein Stil ist klar und markig, seine Argumente treffen den Nagel auf den Kopf, und wenn er einmal in den Kampf gezogen ist, so fallen die Hiebe hageldicht. Dabei gibt es kein Unsehen der Person. Das hat schon Mancher erfahren, der sich als jenseits des Bereichs der öffentlichen Kritik stehend betrachtet hatte. Für unser ganzes öffentliches Leben ist ein Blatt wie der "Mirror" von hohem Werthe; in je weitere Kreise es dringt, je größer sein Einfluß wird, desto besser wird es für unsere Stadt sein, wenigstens so lange der Leiter des Blattes auf dem eingeschlagenen Pfade beharrt.

Wie alle amerikanischen Journalisten kämpft Hr. Reedy gerne mit den Waffen des Humors und der Satire. Seine neueste Campagne hat ihn auf das Gebiet der Mode geführt; er tritt mit erfrischenden Humor für das Recht der Männer ein, im heißen Sommer im Neglige-Gewand, d. h. in Hemd, Beinleidern und Gürtel, in der Deffentlichkeit zu erscheinen, ohne Weste und Rock, so daß der Jüngling als würdiges Gegenstück zu der Jungfrau in der bequemen, schneigeweissen Blusentaille erscheinen möge. Bei der zur Zeit herrschenden Temperatur hat der streitbare Editor des "Mirror" selbstverständlich die ganze Männerwelt auf seiner Seite; einzelne Vertreter derselben haben auch bereits angefangen, die Reedy'sche Theorie in die Praxis umzufügen, und es ist in der That auch nicht einzusehen, warum ein Mann in reinlichen Hemdsärmeln weniger "anständig" sein soll, als ein solcher in Rock und Weste. Wir wenigstens stehen in diesem Falle auf Seiten des "Mirror" und seines schneidigen Redakteurs.

* * *

Reform in St. Louis

ST. LOUIS is about to build a City Hospital. But in providing the money for the beginning we find the same old story. Everything is pared in the estimates of the Comptroller—everything but salaries. Save money everywhere is the spoilsman's cry, but not in salaries. The gang must be protected at any cost. Less public work must be done, but we must have the same number of men to inspect it. The departments can't have necessary money to continue their work, but the salaries must go on just the same. A City Hospital is to be built by withholding money from other necessary work, but not a nickel is knocked off the pay-rolls. No music in the parks, no water-works extension, no sewer extension. But those all amount to nothing. The important thing is, that the salaries shall not be cut and the men who are doing nothing shall not be discharged. This is the way the city's money goes. The political gang must first be taken care of. After that, if there be anything left, it may be spent upon some much needed public work. The financing that results in the beginning of the new City Hospital comes upon us to reinforce some other object lessons in atrocious municipal government. The sprinkling of the streets is vilely done, or not done. The collection of the garbage is not done, though it is highly paid for. The Park Commissioner can't get money to keep the parks in order as he wishes at this time of the year. The superintendents of the city institutions cannot get money to feed properly the people under their care. The Fire Department cannot be extended or improved. Nothing can be done because there is no money. But the pay-roll is not touched. The men who are to carry the Republican primaries and name the

Republican ticket must be taken care of. The City Comptroller and the City Counselor tell us, in signed statements, that the city must have power to borrow more money, that it must have power to raise more revenue by taxes, that the State Constitution must be amended, that the Charter must be amended. All this the MIRROR has been saying for four months. But none of the city officials seems to think of the other things the MIRROR has said on this subject. The city needs more power to raise money by taxation and by borrowing, but it needs, first, good officials. There is no use borrowing more money and taxing the people heavier if the money is only to be used to fatten the gangs. The public needs assurance that the money needed for the improvement of the city will be spent for the city and not on the politicians. In the absence of such assurance the Charter Amendments proposed by Mayor Ziegenhein in 1897, calling for the expenditure of \$20,000,000, were defeated. The people are not in favor of getting more money into the City Treasury in order that it may go out in salaries. Therefore, the city cannot get the Constitution and Charter amended until there is a reasonable certainty that the money to be raised under these amendments will be expended by the right sort of men. The movement for Charter and Constitution amendment must be preceded by a good citizenship movement. The citizens must see to it that there shall be in office, in the next four years, men who will see that we get the worth of our money. If the good citizens of St. Louis, without regard to party, get together on the proposition that we must have good officials, there will be no difficulty whatever in getting the good people of Missouri to favor a change of the Constitution in our behalf, or in getting the good citizens of St. Louis to vote for amendments to the Charter. No more money will be voted to the present political push in charge of the city. And none will be voted if the Jefferson Club candidates are to be the only alternative to Ziegenhein candidates. The city of St. Louis must be put in shape for the World's Fair. But the first step towards putting the city in shape must be the election of good men to supervise the job. For this reason the MIRROR believes that it is proper to organize an Independent Movement that shall be strong enough to prevent the nomination of machine politicians to office. The machine in both parties is so strong that it is almost impossible to conceive of it turning down the men who would be the most effective tools. The machine in each party is so strong that the MIRROR believes the Independent Movement should ignore both parties, and put its own ticket in the field. All this talk of reform within the party, in which all of us have believed from time immemorial, is pure blather. Partisans cry reform until they get in. Then they go after spoils. With St. Louis practically "busted," with the gangs on either side of the political fence equally bad, with the urgency of doing something for the city prior to the Fair before us, with the spectacle of the Ways and Means Committee slashing everything but the salaries, with the people standing numb and dumb while Col. Edward Butler nominates his son for Congress, with the Republicans nominating anyone for Congress whom Baumhoff wants, with the Jefferson Club of organized policemen, getting ready to raid the City Hall, the situation in St. Louis calls for something revolutionary in the way of a reform movement. The conditions are so bad, both parties, locally, are so thoroughly discredited that the Independent Movement that shall put a good ticket in the field before the party nominations are made, will be supported by the majority of good citizens. The majority of party men in St. Louis are disgusted with their party. Democrats who oppose Ziegenhein are not in favor of Jefferson Club methods, and Republicans who dread the accession to power of the Jefferson Club do not recognize Ziegenhein as the only alternative. Parties are so disgraced by misgovernment in St. Louis that an Independent Movement can win against both the old parties. Men will not "go with their party on local issues. The World's Fair administration of St. Louis is something that is greater than, and far above, politics. Seven men out of ten, if asked to-day, will declare in favor of an Independ-

The Mirror.

dent ticket. The city is practically a unit in favor of ousting the crooks and spoilsman from office in the coming four years, and of putting up an excellent city administration at the head of a clean and beautified city, as one of the most impressive exhibits we can make to the world when it comes here to see us in 1903.

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Man and Machine

THE struggle between man and machine in modern life goes on as of old. The latest phase of the struggle presents itself in the results of the enlargement of railway locomotives. The locomotives are growing so big that it is impossible for the one fireman, heretofore employed on each, to keep it fed with coal. Increase of power calls for increase of coal and the engines consume more than any one man can handle. Besides, the trips are longer than they used to be, and this means that one man kept feeding coal from the start to the finish of a run must be exhausted. Deficient coal means loss of time, and time in railroading means everything. At first, according to Mr. Angus Sinclair, in *Locomotive Engineering*, it was suggested that the remedy might be found in putting two firemen on each engine, but this only showed that the demand of the furnace for coal wore out two men instead of one, since one had to pass the coal to the other who did the actual firing. On an engine burning from two to five tons an hour, the wear and tear even on two men can be imagined. Then it was suggested that oil be used, but oil for fuel is not an economical proposition as yet. Mr. Sinclair suggests that machinery is the only solution of the problem. An automatic firing device could be applied just as the automatic brake has been applied. The demand goes up for a mechanical stoker that will be as tireless as the engine it is called upon to feed. The adoption of such a machine may be difficult, because there is so little room now on the engine deck or on the tender, but this difficulty may be surmounted by study of the space that might be used above the tender as it exists at present. To this proposal of Mr. Sinclair's, we may expect there will be a protest from the "workingmen's friends," but the old protest against machinery will not count for much in this case. Mr. Sinclair says that the idea is to have a machine to do the hard work now required of the fireman's muscles, and only call on him for the skill to operate the machine. Hand work must fall behind and machine work takes its place whenever the limit of endurance that hand work can reach is attained. There is a prejudice against a machine that displaces hand work, for fear that it will throw labor out of employment. With a mechanical stoker this would not be the case, as the fireman would still be required just as much as when he handles the scoop. If the device, when perfected, will not throw the fireman out of a job there may be no objection, unless, of course, the invention should result in a reduction of wages; but it is not probable that wages will be reduced, as the demand will still be for men of strong character and strict probity, which are always worth more than mere muscle.

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Class Representation

PROF. JOHN R. COMMONS, of the Bureau of Economic Research, has a new reform proposal in the matter of class representation in government, more especially in municipal government. This proposal he has made in the columns of the New York *Independent*. His ideas are, at least, interesting. He does not believe that representatives represent the whole people or that it is possible for them to do so. He says that when all classes of voters, capitalists and laborers, Catholics and Protestants, educated and ignorant, natives and foreigners, whites and blacks, are thrown into one district or ward and are commanded to elect one man who shall represent all, plainly they can elect only a colorless candidate who represents none. Prof. Commons believes in representation according to interests, and he goes back to the Middle Ages to find proof that such representation was the beginning of our present system. The present system, in his view, is a degeneration from the mediæval system. The free cities of the

Middle Ages, were at first, private business corporations of merchants, peddlers and hucksters, chartered by the king, in order that they might manage their private affairs and might travel over the king's highways free from interference of the feudal lords. This corporation of merchants elected a president whom they called their maire. After awhile, in one way and another, the different trades of handworkers, such as weavers, armor-makers, shoemakers, and so on, also organized their own corporations, and elected their own presidents, whom they called ealdormen. These aldermen met together as a kind of trades assembly or central labor union, or board of walking delegates, and finally demanded and secured a veto on the mayor. In this way the city became a representative government in which the merchants were represented by their president, the mayor, and the labor unions by their several presidents, the board of aldermen. Each had a veto on the other, and, therefore, the consent of each was necessary to enact laws and ordinances. Mayor and alderman were each elected by his own corporation or trade union. Professor Commons thinks we should go back to this plan, at least to the extent of incorporating its best features. He would not confine representation to organized interests. The unorganized would also be recognized. The unorganized voters should be permitted, not to defeat the candidates of the organized interests, and so to force compromise candidates upon the voters, as at present, but to elect also their own representatives, or to add their weight to the representation of one interest or another as they choose. This, it is claimed, could be accomplished by nomination by petition, and by providing for a representation of the minority proportionate to its numbers. Prof. Commons cites as examples of one form of the idea for which he contends the merchants' associations, the chambers of commerce, and trades assemblies of American cities, all of which have become influential factors in government. His idea is, that under his plan "the negroes would then elect Booker T. Washington; the bankers would elect Lyman J. Gage and J. Pierpont Morgan; the trusts would elect S. C. T. Dodd and J. B. Dill; the railroads would elect Depew, the express companies Platt; the trades-unions would elect Samuel Gompers and P. M. Arthur; the clergy would elect Archbishop Corrigan and Dr. Parkhurst; the universities would elect Seth Low and President Eliot. These were the types of men with whom representative government originated." None of these men, Prof. Commons claims, could be elected by popular suffrage and majority vote in the ward in which they sleep. The Professor's idea looks very fine, but with the multiplication of substantial interests the number of representatives would be increased to such an extent as to make representative bodies unwieldy. Besides, there are hundreds of thousands of people identified with more than one interest. They should, in justice, have a vote for each interest. This would give them an advantage over the persons of a single interest. Every interest, if represented, would make a chaos. The plan that worked in the Middle Ages would not do now. The representation by interests would be a decided retrogression from general to special objects of government.

The care of the general interest is what government is designed for, and the general interest might, and probably would, suffer as the result of the conflicts of special interests under Professor Commons' plan. Representation upon the one common interest of citizenship is the best plan yet devised, and under that plan special interests have too much influence in legislation. At present, special interests are pretty well considered in the selection of party candidates, and the more there is of it the less satisfactory we find it. If all the different interests in a community took more interest in primaries, the result might be the selection for office of men whose characters would guarantee fairness to all by working for the general good. Representation by class interests will not do. Members of classes or interests should vote as citizens and as nothing else. Class representation is just what is not wanted. Special interests must take care of themselves independent of government. Government is for the benefit of everybody, inde-

pendent of class or interest. The people should help government, not government help the people.

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The Andy Hoolan

IN such weather as we have in August it is well that we should reckon the inventor or discoverer of a new drink as greater ever than our heroes in China and the Philip-pines, or our great statesmen at home. Therefore, I give to the thirsty and scorched multitude a name to hold in honor ever more when Sirius shines. The name is Andy Hoolan. Mr. Hoolan is a solid business man of St. Louis, a Republican politician who served four years in the council, and came out poorer than he went in, a physical force Irishman, which is the only real Irishman after all, a royal sportsman, and, indeed, a polyhedric personality. Heretofore he has been endeared by his good qualities to a comparatively small circle, but hereafter he shall be endeared to the world. He has invented a drink and, as is the fashion now-a-days, the drink is named after him. He is, therefore, as sure of fame eternal as Col. Joe Rickey. The Andy Hoolan is a simple decoction, and yet it is truly wonderful. No one but an original genius would have thought of the combination. The drink is made by pouring a bottle of weiss bier into a long tumbler, and then adding about two jiggers of claret. Mr. Hoolan declares that the Andy Hoolan is the greatest summer drink that was ever invented, and he seems to prosper upon it. The beauty of the drink is, that it is symbolic in the highest degree. We all know that if weiss bier is anything it is expansionist. Therefore, a Republican may drink it. But weiss bier is also inflationist in its tendencies, and, therefore, the worshiper of Mr. Bryan may quaff it, and feel that he is giving a sign of his devotion. By adding the claret there is given the ruddy hue suggestive of the blood that is shed in the Far East, and the drinker may, as he pleases, glory in that same, or grieve over it. The follower of Eugene Debs may find in the red tinge a suggestion of the blood-red flag of brotherhood. It will be seen, then, that the Andy Hoolan is a drink for everybody. It is mildly alcoholic, but not intoxicating. It is so filling that it makes the drinker buoyant. It is, therefore, a specific against the suicide habit that becomes so prevalent in the hot months. It is physically impossible to drink too much of it. A man will burst first. In fact, if we had the time, it might be shown that the Andy Hoolan is a discovery or invention which has the most profound and far-reaching social and economic effects. Ought not St. Louis to be proud that it has added another name to its already great contribution of benefactors to bibulous humanity? Adolphus Busch invented bottled beer. Joe Rickey invented the rickey. And now Andy Hoolan invents the Andy Hoolan. They are all St. Louisans. Their names will long be sweet in the mouths of men.

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A Good Candidate

IN looking over the Democratic State ticket one finds one man for whom something good may be said. Mr. John A. Lee, candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, is a man who will adorn the office to which he aspires. He is a man of intelligence and of energy. He has what is called a business head to supplement his attainments as a writer and talker. Mr. Lee has done much as editor of the *Interstate Grocer*, for this city and State. He it was who organized the Interstate Merchants' Association, which concentrated upon this city a great deal of buying that had formerly been done in Chicago. Mr. Lee has been a leader in the organization of the commercial travelers, and has done much with his voice and pen to further their interests. In doing this he necessarily worked for the benefit of this city and State. His paper is one of the most influential trade papers in the United States, and it is conducted with a gratifying exclusion of politics from its columns. While Mr. Lee is a Democratic nominee, it would be an insult to his intelligence to suppose that he is as rabid on the economic features of the party's platform as the majority of his party. As a business man, Mr. Lee knows that what this State needs is more business and less politics in its government and in its legislation. He knows that St. Louis needs to be

a free city, and that the city is held back by legislation framed solely to the rural point of view. If we are to have any Democrats in office it is hoped that Mr. Lee will be one of them. Just now he would be especially valuable to St. Louis in the chair of the president of the State Senate. St. Louis needs a man of influence in that place in order that the city may get what it wants to pull out of its present hole and prepare for the World's Fair. Mr. Lee has the eloquence and the diplomatic tact to accomplish things, and, furthermore, he will be valuable as an influence to check the tendency of the Missouri Legislature to put heavy burdens of taxation and inspection and general restriction upon business enterprise in Missouri. While the MIRROR believes that a change of Missouri to the Republican column of States would be good for the State's material interests, and while it works for that end, it is ready to admit that its opposition to Missouri Democracy does not apply to Democrats like Mr. Lee. In fact, it is a mystery to the MIRROR how a man like John A. Lee got a place on the ticket. He will make an excellent public servant in case of election, and that cannot be said unreservedly about any other nominee of his party.

Uncle Fuller.

McKINLEY OR BRYAN?

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN FROM AN ENGLISH STAND-POINT.

THE MIRROR, as its readers are aware, is not any too enthusiastic in its preference of Mr. McKinley to Mr. Bryan. The MIRROR believes that a true Democrat can no more consistently accept the President's Porto Rico policy for the Philippines than he can accept Mr. Bryan's declaration for Free Silver. At the same time that a man believes it would be folly to abandon the Philippines, as the Kansas City platform might be construed to propose, he may not believe in the evident Republican tendency to administer them as syndicate satrapies. In the heat of a political campaign, however, the writing of any person in this country, along independent lines, is construed by the public to have some deep and dark ulterior motive. Democrats suspect it of design to help the Republicans, and vice versa. There never was a campaign in this country in which there were so many people restless between a choice of two evils. There are many men nominally belonging to each great party who are decidedly out of sympathy with their party platforms. It has been decided that there shall be no third conservative party of opposition to both the old parties, as there was in 1896, and, this being the case, there are many men trying to avoid the conclusion of not voting at all. The best of us are governed, more or less, by prejudices, and it is important, in such a crisis, that a choice between Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan, between the Philadelphia platform and the Kansas City platform, be not determined by prejudice. To avoid this nothing could be better than a study of the situation from the point of view of an outsider, of a foreigner.

Naturally the only foreigner who could take a thoroughly rational, and, at the same time, sympathetic view of our politics, is the Englishman. He understands our speech, something of our institutions, a good deal of our temperament. The Englishman is an imperialist, and may be expected to look kindly upon Republican imperialism, but at the same time he is inclined to favor Democracy as a party of a free-trade tradition. The Englishman is conservative, and if he be somewhat supercilious in his treatment of American affairs, we may make allowance for the one attitude as for the other. The Democracy is pronouncedly anti-English. But Republican protection is supposed also to be pronouncedly anti-English. It may be interesting, therefore, to read what the most conservative literary publication in England has to say about our candidates and issues. Indeed, the paper in question, the London Saturday Review, may almost be considered an anti-American publication; therefore it can treat the campaign with something like an ideal independence, savored with a *souçon* of contempt. An article from the Saturday Review of July

14th is just the thing to enable us to see our politics as others see them.

The paper in question, in the issue of July 7th, had declared its belief that Mr. Bryan's article in the July North American Review outlined the platform. The next issue discusses the policies of both parties, and the personalities of both candidates, with a cynic frankness and a cynic fairness, in which those inclined to bolt Mr. Bryan, and those inclined to scratch Mr. McKinley, will find an exasperating mixture of sour and sweet. This detached view of the campaign may possibly enable the wavering to find something to tie to on one side or the other. The article follows:

"We confess that we hardly believed his (Mr. Bryan's) obstinate, and obviously sincere, convictions as to the sixteen-to-one standard would so nearly become the principal inscription on the party banner. Yet it only failed to obtain the official sanction of absolute pre-eminence on the platform. It has been accepted as an issue. The explicit declaration of the Committee on Resolutions recommending it was adopted by a majority of two. There the complacence of the party managers came to an end and the anti-Imperialist and the anti-Trust 'planks' have prudently been accorded the preference. We have already pointed out how hopeless the purely bi-metallic direction of the Democratic campaign at the present time would be. When the current of prosperity runs smooth and high, the world at large only asks that it may be allowed to flow steadily. It is not the time to threaten its diversion. We are far from condemning Mr. Bryan's proposals from an American point of view. It is easy to understand that they do not commend themselves to the bankers of New York. To read the majority of English newspapers it might be assumed that the interests of those gentlemen and the large trade combinations were the only ones that are to be considered by American statesmen. We have no sympathy with that point of view. If the West honestly believes that it is being sacrificed to the East, it has right to make its voice heard and there is no more 'sectionalism' in promoting the interests of the one than of the other. The danger of the situation arises from the geographical configuration and industrial evolution of the United States. The danger is not of Mr. Bryan's making, but is the result of circumstances which may ultimately have the gravest consequences for America. On the other hand, Mr. McKinley's convictions on this very matter have suffered strange fluctuations in past years, though they appear happily to have congealed at last, as cream ultimately becomes butter, by continuous revolution. Right or wrong Mr. Bryan's views are now seen, even by his declared opponents, to be the result of strenuous convictions, honestly held and promulgated with a force and ability which raise him high above the average of candidates. His writing shows considerable literary capacity and his oratory has the grip and power which stir masses of men to the depth of their being. He is, therefore, no ordinary man, but a character of remarkable capacity. He has both ideals and ideas. We may not wish to see them prevail, but we respect their existence and gladly recognize that they do something to redeem the barren materialism of American politics.

"His opponent is of a type wholly different. We have not disguised our view of his statesmanship as that of the Opportunist *pur sang*. It is singularly unfortunate for the United States that Mr. McKinley should have presided over, though he can hardly be held to have directed, their destinies at so critical a period of their history. He has been called upon to inaugurate a Colonial Civil Service, while his own record in such matters at home is far from spotless. We do not speak of bad appointments. Under the American system Washington himself might go wrong, but Mr. McKinley has made a distinct retrogression in broad principle. The tendency, ever since the death of Garfield, has been for Presidents to widen the rules of the Civil Service. Mr. McKinley has deliberately removed an enormous number of civil servants from their application. He and his friends claim that the number is only 4,000, the National Civil Service Reform League say it is nearer 10,000. Whatever the number, the example set is equally deplorable. The Philippine imbroglio is not only an instance of singular ineptitude, but also the result of deliberate perfidy. It would be difficult to find a more glaring instance of political fraud than General Otis' 'editing' of

the President's declaration to the Senate to bring it 'within the comprehension of the Filipinos.' The Treaty of Paris once accepted, and the time for effectual protest passed, the true situation was allowed to dawn on those unfortunate islanders. The squalid and demoralizing struggle still proceeding is the result. The Democratic managers have been well advised to make Imperialism a leading issue. Even in Ohio, the President's own State, there is a strong dissatisfaction growing up under the leadership of distinguished citizens, which will probably diminish enormously his majority in that stronghold.

"In all his attacks on the Imperialist position Mr. Bryan has the advantage. It will be interesting to see if he can count on the support of the 'Anti-Imperialists,' who decided to postpone their national convention until the Democrats had declared their views. It is difficult to see how they can withhold it, logically, and, if they fall into line with the Democrats, Mr. Bryan may make up in that way what he loses on silver. But Governor Roosevelt's popularity will be of inestimable benefit to the Republicans to play against a policy of surrender and Platt's manœuvres to jockey the one stable influence for political purity into the candidacy for Vice President may be justified by their effect on the party fortunes as well as on those of that arch wire-puller himself. The Democratic declaration against Monopolies and Trusts is clear and decisive, and there is no doubt that in this matter we shall have a duel to the death between Mr. Bryan and the corrupt influences which emanate from these combinations. It is impossible to withhold our sympathy from the protagonist in this crusade against the most demoralizing forces in American public life. This declaration may cost him the support of Tammany, but it will not lose him the respect of honest men.

"Having indicated certain points of Mr. Bryan's programme where he touches a high level of sincerity and conviction, we cannot ignore others which are distinguished by nothing but 'flapdoodle' of the most blatant sort. In these developments the tone of the Republican platform was distinctly more correct than that of the Democrats. It would be interesting to learn what is meant by a paragraph declaring that "no American people shall ever be held in unwilling subjection to European authority." It is only possible to say that it means little, and probably means that little ill. It is another instance of the curiously detached view of *Weltpolitik* taken by the American politician and, united with a declaration that the Government of the United States should deliberately ignore the most solemn treaty obligations regarding an Isthmian Canal, it only enforces the already too apparent incapacity of public men in that country to confine themselves within the accepted limits of polite intercourse as understood between civilized nations. No one objects to Tammany and their friends "extending their sympathy" to the Boers, for they will extend nothing else. There is no danger to the peace of the world in such party flourishes. The only possible danger arises from the fact that the leader has convictions. But all experience shows that office is an opportunity for modifying declarations rather than emphasizing principles. Closer acquaintance with the realities of international relations would probably remove some of Mr. Bryan's prejudices without injuring his convictions. For the latter we are bound to give him credit."

A SINGER'S CHALLENGE.

(For the MIRROR.)

I
MOCK at death, and jest with Fate,
And one to me is love or hate;
I am a singer, I can wait.

There is no rift to pierce the gloom;
I bide my days, I seek the doom;
And yet I know, beyond the tomb,

The wings of Time will bring my ships
Around the bars, within the slips,
And leave my name on all men's lips.

My soul to after years belongs,
An age to come shall right my wrongs,
And feel the heart-beats in my songs.

Ernest McGaffey.

PARIS EXPOSITION FAILURE.

A WARNING FOR ST. LOUIS.

AS St. Louis is to have a World's Fair, it may learn something profitable by considering the danger of over-sanguineness in anticipating profits, as illustrated in recent reports from Paris. It is an open secret in Paris that the Exhibition has not achieved the success predicted for it. Seventy million tickets to be sold at 75 centimes apiece promised a rich return. Shortly after the opening of the Exhibition the price of tickets was reduced to 40 centimes, and though the Exhibition has already run half its course only some 7,000,000 of the 70,000,000 tickets have been sold. Already several of the smaller exhibitors have been obliged to declare themselves bankrupt; important houses, it is said, will be bound to follow their example later on, and all this is attributed to the high prices demanded for sites in the beginning, to the multitude of "side-shows," to the insufficiency of visitors, though the average number of visitors is over 200,000 per day, while on Sunday more than 400,000 people pass through the Exhibition gates. It has been certified, in fact, that it would cost a Parisian five hundred francs to visit all the "side-shows," and that it would require further exorbitant outlay to lunch or dine in any of the reliable and well-equipped restaurants. The people who expected to make fortunes by providing accommodation in the town have also been disappointed. It is true that hotels were thronged in June, and that many are reserving rooms for guests far into September, but they have found that they cannot demand the high prices they had counted on and, to their dismay, must now reduce their tariff. The Exhibition, as a matter of fact, is too large, too expensive; and neither the State nor the town will benefit much from it. Every other person returning from the Paris Exposition has the same story to tell. The display is a vast fake aggregation of fakes. The Parisian plays the world for a lot of "jays" or "rubes," and laughs at them. The prices in Paris are characterized as robbery. The restaurants are atrociously exorbitant in their charges, and one is continually disgusted by the Frenchman's desire to show you, for a price, the vilest things possible in humanity. The Parisians seem to think that this is their last chance to get at the purses of the hated English and Americans, as, after the Exposition, France is going to war with somebody, if it has to be with herself.

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JESUS AND THE RICH.

THE SAVIOUR'S ATTITUDE TOWARD WEALTH.

IN American political and social and economic discussion, to-day, there is a great deal said about the attitude of the Founder of Christianity toward wealth. In particular, many of the followers of Mr. Bryan declare that Mr. Bryan's principles of opposition to wealth are truly Christian. The Socialists, Single Taxers, and other minor parties declare their peculiar tenets to be of the essence of Christ's teachings. Wealth is conservative. Wealthy men are usually opposed to reforms. The established conditions of society satisfy them. The reformers always appeal to the Gospels for proof that wealth is evil, and that the Master so regarded it. What truth is there in this claim? Mr. Francis G. Peabody has investigated the question and embodied the results of his investigation in a book, "The New World," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. A selection from Mr. Peabody's work is here presented, as an apparently unprejudiced conclusion from a study of the recorded utterances of Jesus upon the subject.

"As one approaches the teaching of Jesus concerning the rich," says Mr. Peabody, "one is, first of all, confronted by an extraordinary difference of emphasis in the different evangelists. The fourth Gospel hardly touches the question of material possessions at all. It moves in quite another world—a world of lofty philosophy, spiritual biography and divine communion. With the exception of two unimportant passages the very words 'rich,' 'poor,' 'wealth,'

The Mirror.

'poverty,' 'to be rich,' 'to be poor,' do not occur either in the fourth Gospel or in the Johannine Epistles. The second Gospel also—though for opposite reasons—offers practically no material concerning poverty or wealth which does not also present itself either in Matthew or Luke or in both. The fourth Gospel loses sight of these human interests in its flight of spiritual meditation. The second Gospel hastens by these general problems of social life in its absorbed and concise record of the words and acts of Jesus. Thus the teaching of Jesus concerning social conditions must be sought almost wholly in the Gospels of Matthew and Luke; and here we come upon abundant material. Yet, here also we meet a still more striking difference. In the first place, while the record of the two Gospels is often obviously identical in origin, it happens in almost every instance that, where Matthew and Luke report the same incident or saying concerning the rich or the poor, the passage in Luke takes a severer or more universal form of condemnation of one class or commendation of the other. Where Matthew says: 'Give to him that asketh thee,' Luke says; 'Give to every one;' where Matthew says: 'Sell that thou hast,' Luke says: 'Sell all that thou hast.' Where the Beatitudes in Matthew read: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit,' Luke says: 'Blessed are ye poor,' and reinforces this modification with the added phrase: 'But woe unto you that are rich.' In short, between Matthew and Luke there is as marked a difference of teaching on these subjects as may be found in modern literature between the teaching of an earnest philanthropist and the teaching of a Socialist agitator. It is wholly within the truth to speak of Luke as the 'Socialist-Evangelist.'

"The scattered utterances of Jesus about the problem of wealth fall into two distinct classes. On the one hand is the series of sayings which deal with the faithful use of one's possessions; and on the other hand are the passages which plainly demand the abandonment of such possessions. In the parables, for instance, of the talents and of the pounds, as in the stories of the unjust steward, and of the foolish, rich man, there seems to be indicated not the intrinsic evil of wealth, but the duty of fidelity, watchfulness and foresight in administering wealth.

"On the other hand, there remains a class of passages which no softened interpretation can render as teaching anything less than the abnegation of possessions. 'Whosoever he be of you that renounceth not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple.' 'Sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor . . . and come, follow me;' and 'they left all and followed him.' 'Thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and Lazarus in like manner evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art in anguish.'

"Here, then, in the teaching of Jesus, are two views of wealth which are apparently in conflict—the thought of wealth as a trust to be used, and the thought of wealth as a peril to be escaped; the physician's prescription for social health, and the surgeon's remedy from social death. Does this variation indicate any inconsistency or ambiguity in the teaching of Jesus? On the contrary, the very essence of his message to the rich is to be found in its twofold quality. It is this which makes Jesus severe though loving. He perceives with perfect distinctness that the most immediate and insidious peril to the Christian life comes from the love of money. Vulgarity, ostentation, envy, ambition, self-conceit, material standards of happiness—the qualities which make people unspiritual, unteachable, unresponsive to the light—are the attendants of the god Mammon.

"Jesus does not present a scheme of economic rearrangement; he issues a summons to the kingdom. He confronts a man not with the problem of his commercial right, but with the problem of his own soul. To many a man, ensnared in the complex and intense conditions of modern life, to many a man and woman tempted almost beyond their strength by their self-indulgence, narrow interest and practical materialism, the message of Jesus comes with convincing force. Such persons know well that it is hard for those who have riches to enter into the kingdom. They know that to maintain religious ideals, genuine simplicity, and breadth of sympathy among the exotic and artificial circumstances of a prosperous life is one of the most difficult of modern undertakings. They see the possession of riches become a curse, and the children for whom the fathers have labored only the worse for the abundance which he has secured, as though they had asked him for bread and he had given them a stone. They have to confess that it is easier for the poor than for the rich

to be poor in spirit. Such persons, however, when they look once more at the world of modern life, observe that the stern demand of Jesus is sometimes met; that—here and there—riches are deliberately and consistently held as a trust from God, and the way of service made broad and straight through the ministry of wealth; and they recognize the wisdom of Jesus when, having said so unreservedly, 'How hardly shall the rich enter the kingdom,' he is still able to say of the man who had faithfully used his many talents; 'Blessed is that servant . . . of a truth, I say unto you that he will set him over all that he hath.'

* * * *

THE SONG OF THE NE'ER-DO-WELL.

[For the MIRROR.]

EMPTY of heart and empty of hand
He walked the busy world,
With never a stroke of labor plann'd,
With never a flag unfurled.
No joy he felt in the dawning day
When the sons of Toil rejoice,
From the ranks of men in Manhood's fray
He heard no cheering voice.
He had set his feet in the paths of Sloth,
He had courted her siren spell,
And he sang—if a song can be half oath—
The song of the Ne'er-do-well!

From the Golden House of a golden youth
He looked on the field of Life:
The flowers were his—but the rocks of Truth
Tower'd bleak on the mount of Strife;
Not his the flinty slope to climb,
To brave the tempest's stress,
He knew but to daily with Fate and Time
In the halls of Idleness:
He knew but to scorn the craft of the mart,
The delving of Labor's train,
He knew but to nourish a nerveless heart
And darken an empty brain!

The seed he cast was the seed he reap'd
In measures that overflow'd,
For the wains of Grief were overheap'd
With the sheaves of the grain he sow'd.
He gathered the grain of his father's fears—
His fears for an honored name,—
He garnered the yield of his mother's tears
And a stern world's ban and blame:
He trod the ways of the aimless shirk,
For he did the thing he knew,
And the thing he wrought was the devil's work
For idle hands to do!

Empty of heart and empty of hand
He walked the busy world,
With never a stroke of labor plann'd,
With never a flag unfurl'd.
The honest moil of the shop and soil
Were gross to his dainty palms,—
So he loll'd, with never an hour of toil,
Like a pauper too proud for alms.
He had fled the lists of noble strife
For the laggard's gilded hell,
Where he humm'd the song of a wasted life—
The song of the Ne'er-do-well!

O, no easy lot is the toiler's lot
In the field or the surging street:
The rough world hedges no garden plot
For the tread of the millions' feet;
But the thews of men and the souls of men
Are tried on the toiler's road,
And the Lord God comes to His sons again
To lighten their heavy load—
He comes to the brave, in goodness strong,
But His curse, as of old it fell,
Shall blast the wrong of the sluggard's song—
The song of the Ne'er-do-well!

John Jerome Rooney.

A "RECONSTRUCTION" NOVEL.

"BENEVOLENT ASSIMILATION" IN THE SOUTH.

WHEN Mr. Verne S. Pease wrote his book, "In the Wake of War," and the George M. Hill Company published it, a short while since, the Eastern press at once declared it to be the prejudiced work of a Southern partisan, who exaggerated as well as wrote from a jaundiced view of the situation. In reality Mr. Verne S. Pease is what the dwellers south of Mason and Dixon's line call a "Yankee," and what he tells of the "Reconstruction Period" is simply what he himself saw and learned during his residence South, immediately after the war between the States. Barring the "Red Rock" of Thomas Nelson Page there have been few demands made upon this period in drawing material for literature, and little enough has gone into history; therefore this contribution of Mr. Pease is particularly valuable, giving, as it does, under the guise of fiction, a portrayal of historical conditions unlike any other in any period of time.

That the most generous terms of amnesty were offered the defeated foe, that the great heart of Lincoln knew only brave and generous desires we all know, but that the half has never been told of the cruel advantages taken by a coterie of politicians, who had never shouldered a gun or drawn a sword, is a fact equally as true if not as widely disseminated. It is of these men in power in the State of Tennessee that Mr. Pease writes. He calls the type the "New Man" and says of him: "This man had not had his day. So long as a gun was pointed at a blue-coat he had remained in seclusion. He only burst the eclipse and came forth from his skulking when the sword was returned to its peaceful scabbard. The uncertainties of war had not offered him a fit chance to show his peculiar virtue, for it was of a kind that shone not in the heat of conflict. The blaze of artillery, the whistle of bullets, the shriek of shells—in fact, all the useless excitement and hurly-burly of battle—would have dimmed the splendid effulgence of his valor. His special bravery could not be allowed now to burn itself into invisible vapor, after having smoldered so long in healthy retirement. This tardy patriot must have his day. He demanded it. * * * * * Every law that could operate as an obstacle to the peaceful return of the vanquished to the rights and privileges of citizenship found ready passage. Not only was the ballot-box surrounded by conscienceless and senseless barriers that he could not scale, had he been disposed to try, but his right to walk and ride in the public highway was attacked. The quiet rebuilding of his home, the planting of crops for the sustenance of his family, and the privilege of public worship of God, all, and more, were made subjects of malevolent interference.

"Such, in the abstract, was the New Man. The creation was original, unique, well-timed; but, for the South, unfortunate. I say well-timed, for at no period of the country's history could he have attained prominence. Conditions favored for a moment and he was brought forth into the breach, and there played such infamy that no history of the time is complete without the story."

Following this introduction is the view of the drama of "Reconstruction," as Mr. Pease saw it and lived it. He saw demagogues with axes to grind deluding the helpless negroes who, unused to "freedom," were feeling their way like children in the dark; he saw men arrested for the crime of wearing their tattered uniforms (when they had nothing else to wear) and hauled up before men who had never met a foe in honest, open field and fined or imprisoned beyond all excess. He saw women insulted at the secret instigation of brutes whose only motive for their presence was the greed of gain. He saw negroes preyed upon by sharks who sold them wooden stakes, "registered stakes, the only kind that the Government will recognize," at exorbitant prices, wherewith they were to stake off the mythical "forty acres" that were to go along with the "mule" in the parcelling out of the South. Halter-straps for the equally mythical mule were sold to poor Cuffy at a dollar apiece, while upon every white man who had been a "Rebel" and was suspected of owning a dollar or a piece of real estate, a system of persecution was put in vogue that well-nigh maddened them to revolt. But for the presence of a few soldiers, *real* soldiers and patriots, not Carpet Baggers, there is no imagining to what extent the New Man would have gone. As it was, he went too far. The worm turned. A few young men resolved to put a stop to

the burning of their homes and the destruction of their crops by negroes acting as tools for the unprincipled whites who posed as officers of the law. Accordingly, to work upon their superstitious fears, a costume was adopted and stories of ghosts etc., were mysteriously promulgated. This was the origin of the K-Klux and similar clans.

The National Government was in a transition state itself. Lincoln, the wise head and big heart was gone; politicians were plenty as weeds and conditions were thriving for their growth. A love-story, of course, runs through the book; the soldier is given his well-earned due of praise and there are pictures of home-life and negro-life that show the touch of a hand familiar with its subjects. To the "ex-rebel" who lived through the period and knew the genus Carpet-Bagger in all his pristine glory, will call up some unpleasantly vivid recollections; to the erstwhile "Yankee soldier" who nobly did his part in suppressing that genus the memories will be no less vivid, but will hold a sparkle of merriment withal. Altogether, it is a good thing that such a book should be written now. It will meet with a tolerance that, before the animosities, stirred up and kept heated by the very class of stay-at-home patriots Mr. Pease depicts, had died out, it would have been vain to expect. Besides, it points out a danger that may not be easy to avoid in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Phillipines.

Frances Porcher.

* * * *

THE GATE-KEEPER.

ROUGH gown, stuff gown, my love hath noble raiment,
Silk robes and scarlet robes, pearls of great price:
If a man kiss her gown, death is his payment—
"Nay; but I keep the gates of Paradise."

Chained hand, stained hand, my love has fingers whiter
Than any lily that rocks upon the lake:
If a man kiss her hand death falls the lighter—
"She sends thee sleeping fast! I bid thee wake!"

Bare head, fair head, my love's head on her pillow
Black as a bird's wing lies, circled with gold:
If a man touch it, he swings from a willow—
"Doth her love burn thee so? My breast is cold!"

Torn wings, shorn wings, my love goeth wingless:
She is wind and water, fire that upward springs.
Ire I died praising her I left my harp all stringless.
"From my stripped pinions my children make them wings."

Grave eyes, brave eyes, wert thou fain to bear them?
Once my love in childbed lay, and cried for pain.
I too bore dreams with tears, and the four winds tare them,
"My children are thy dreams warm with life again."

End me or mend me: heavy is my burden!
Years ago we died, and I claim her sins for mine.
So she walks heaven's path hell shall be my guerdon—
"I who ope the gate to thee was once that love of thine."

Nora Hopper.

* * * *

CHINA'S TRIPLE RELIGION.

BY JAMES IRVING CRABBE.

(For the MIRROR.)

WHEN the present Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Viceroy and Governor-General of India, was "a commoner" he wrote a very interesting book on "Problems of the Far East." It was anything but pleasing to the British church people and the supporters of missions to the heathen. In the light of subsequent events, of the terrible happenings of the past few weeks, his remarks have a most significant bearing and bring up anew the question: Is the Christian religion to be forced upon an unwilling nation by maxim guns and lyddite? In his "Problems" Mr. Curzon wrote as follows: "The presence of the missionary bodies, as a whole, in the country is a constant source of anxiety to the Legations, by whom, in the last resort, their interests, resting as they do upon treaties, must be defended; and is equally distasteful to the Chinese government, which frequently finds itself called upon to reprimand a native official or punish a local community at the cost of great odium to itself. This is the explanation of the extreme reluctance exhibited, as a rule, by the central authority in bringing to justice the notorious authors of calumny or outrage."

Justly to appreciate the full force of this candid admission one must put oneself in the place of the "heathen," so-called. It must be borne in mind that for more than 2,500 years the Chinese have been devotees of three of the most elaborate religions ever taught, viz., Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism—and which are still taught and preached everywhere in China and Manchuria. In a

nation as conservative as the Chinese it is almost impossible to describe the bitter animosity aroused by Christian missionaries. We have seen quite recently what reception Mormon elders have met with in Southern towns. The elders were, in a number of instances, severely punished by citizens and violently driven out. Let a rabid Protestant missionary enter any town or village where the majority of the population is Roman Catholic and, on the streets, make a bitter attack on the tenets and ritual of the Church. What would happen? The chances are that the missionary would, unless protected by the police, soon be maltreated.

In just such a position the Christian missionary stands in China, and, in some instances, even his religious efforts are accompanied by political aims. It is notorious that Germany, for example, acquired her foothold in New Chwang as "compensation" for the massacre of Lutheran missionaries.

* * *

Having lived in the Orient for several years the writer was enabled to study the subject of Missionary vs. Heathen at close range. He has, as a result, become convinced that while, in their schools and colleges, the missionaries did much for the cause of education the purely religious work accomplished little or nothing. The reason for this failure is the animosity of the Chinese to those who attack the religions and the gods of their fathers. It is usual for missionaries to send glowing reports of the number of souls saved, so as to stimulate collections, but the mere change of ethical systems of religion effected in these "converts" can surely not compensate for plunging the nations into war. Also, it may well be asked whether better and more enduring work might not be found for the missionary in the heart of our own cities, where misery, vice and ignorance are so alarmingly on the increase?

It is generally supposed that the Chinese are believers in one of the three religions—Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism. It would be more correct to say that the masses accept and, to some extent, follow the teachings and attend the ceremonies of all three. Here and there one finds a devout Taoist, Buddhist or Confucian, but with the masses all religions look alike and the dogmas are blended into a digestible creed, of which one-tenth is pure ethics and the balance pure superstition.

In none of the three religions is there a God such as the Christian believes in and prays to.

With the possession and profession of these three distinct systems of religion or religious philosophy, it is, nevertheless, a fact that the Chinese are atheists. The question was raised among eminent thinkers, over a century ago, whether a society or community professing atheism could survive. In his *Dictionnaire Philosophique* (article "Atheism") Voltaire says of nations professing Buddhism. "These nations neither affirm nor deny God. They have never heard of him . . . they are, in fact, children, and a child is neither an atheist nor a deist; he is nothing."

* * *

Of the three religions, the oldest is the system of ethical philosophy taught by Confucius. This great reformer was born in the year B. C. 550, and commenced to teach when he was 22 years old. It was a troublous time in Chinese history. State was warring against State, corruption and disorder reigned everywhere—it was a period of general degeneracy. Confucius believed that he had a mission from heaven to teach the true principles of human duty and of government. Mencius, his apostle, who was to Confucianism what St. Paul was to Christianity, claims that "the world had fallen into decay and right principles had disappeared when Confucius undertook the work of reformation." He was of noble ancestry and was appointed to office. Under his wise and just administration the State prospered. "Crime ceased and dissoluteness and dishonesty," we are told, "hid their heads." His reformatory ideas eventually aroused animosity. "A superior man," he says in one of his works, "can cultivate his principles but he cannot make them acceptable."

That Confucius did not preach or philosophize in vain is proved in that he and his teachings have been followed and held in reverence by his countrymen for twenty-five centuries. His teachings may be compared to those of his contemporaries, the prophets of the Old Testament. It is interesting to note that he speaks of "Heaven" in the same sense as when Daniel uses the term to the Assyrian King, "Thou shalt know that the heavens do rule." In the Confucian system good and evil are meted out in this

The Mirror.

life, not always to the individual, but certainly to the family. Truthfulness, sincerity and courtesy were the gist of his teaching. "The superior man," says Confucius, "even when he does not speak, has the feeling of truthfulness," or, as Shakespeare makes *Polonius* say, "To thine own self be true." The Chinese sage had no Heaven to give to his disciples. The only approach to a future reward is the prospect of having one's name recorded in the Temple of the Ancestors.

Such is Confucianism, which is really the state religion, if religion it may be called, and is professed by the educated Chinese.

Another ethical creed or philosophy is Taoism, whose founder was Lao-Tsze, author of the *Tao-Teh-King*. The Chinese words, "Lao-tsze" mean "old son." The popular myth is, that the sage was seventy-two years old when he was born, and had gray hair at his birth. The date of his birth is supposed to have been about 604 B.C., and as he lived to a great age he was contemporary with those other great teachers, Pythagoras, the Jewish prophets Ezekiel and Jeremiah, and Gautama Buddha, the "Light of Asia." He was fifty years older than Confucius, although the latter had, by active work, proselytized more than "the old philosopher." Of his life and his doings we know but little, and that little is on a par with the absurd story of his old age at birth, a myth which, no doubt, was the outcome of his honorific, "the old son." But Lao-Tsze will always be remembered and honored for his work, the *Tao-Teh-King*. The book is less than half the size of the *Gospel of St. Mark*, but it is one of the world's greatest ethics. "Tao" is Chinese for "road," "way," or "door." [The philologist will note that the Japanese "Mikado," i.e., emperor, means "great way," "great door," equivalent to the Turkish title, "Sublime Porte"—and the Chinese mandarin of a city, the mayor, is "Tao-tai," "the great door."] *Tao-Teh-King* means "the way of virtue," which is also the meaning of Buddha's Scripture, "Dhammapada." The book inculcates humility, forbearance, forgiveness, which many suppose are essentially Christian virtues, but which were taught by Chinese and Indian philosophers centuries before Christ was born. Also, "the Golden Rule." Lao-Tsze says: "The good I would meet with goodness. The not-good I would also meet with goodness. Virtue is good. The faithful I would meet with faith. The not-faithful I would also meet with faith. Virtue is faithful." And again he says, "Recompense injury with kindness." How his exhortations remind one of the *Magnificat*: "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and the meek," etc. Lao-Tsze says: "The Tao of heaven * * * * brings down the high and exalts the low." And "He that humbles himself shall be preserved entire. He that bends himself shall be straightened. He that is low shall be filled," etc. How suggestive this of the idea, "He hath filled the hungry with good things, but the rich He hath sent empty away!"

Lao-Tsze, like Christ and Buddha, was a Socialist: "To wear fine clothes, to eat and drink to satiety, and lay up superfluous wealth—this I call magnificent robbery. This is not Tao." [See Chap. V. of the Rev. J. Chalmers' translation.]

These few quotations will give the reader some idea of the *Tao-Teh-King* the Taoist's Bible—and a good one. Its author had no God, no Heaven, no system of cosmogony. The supreme thing with him is Tao, "the right way." To-day his followers are counted by millions, but the religion they follow is as unlike the pure ethical teaching of Lao-Tsze as the ritual and dogmas of some modern churches are to the preaching and teaching of Jesus Christ.

Lastly, Buddhism. This was introduced into China, some say, about the year A.D. 61, when the Emperor Mong-Ti sent emissaries to India to inquire regarding the religion of "Fo" or Buddha. For centuries it struggled for recognition, its followers being persecuted, now by the Confucians, now by Taoists. Buddhism is too well written of to need a description. During the past six or seven centuries it has gradually taken hold of the masses, perhaps on account of its grand ritual and elaborate ceremonies. To the common mind the doctrine of the cycle of life—that the soul, poor and despicable in this sphere or condition may be vastly better off in "the sweet by-and-bye" has a peculiar fascination. [Though Sainte Hilaire claims that "the idea of transmigration plunges the Buddhists into a

fantastic world which prevents their understanding the real condition of the one they live in."] The literati have never been attracted by Buddhism, although they study the Chinese translations of the *Dhammapada*, the *Tripiṭaka*, etc.

Such are the three religions. Only one man in a thousand pretends to understand the philosophy or the mysticism of any one of the systems, though each and all of the "creeds" are believed in and all the festivals (there are no fasts or Lent) are duly honored. Imagine, if you can, a Christian who would attend mass in a Catholic church on Sunday, early in the day, later attend "matins" and Communion in an Episcopal church, attend a Baptist service in the evening, and be a "member" in good standing in each, and this Christian, if such a mixture were possible, would be like the average Chinaman. He is essentially a religious man, but, as a rule, not particular as to whether the "joss" is a picture of "the old philosopher," or the sad smiling face of Gautama or the bearded one of Con-fui-tze.

The Chinese are swayed by two great vital principles and to these the three religious systems have in process of the ages been subordinated. One is the worship of ancestors and the other Divination. All the rest is as nothing. To work industriously, to feast and enjoy life is the end or aim, apart from these two principles. Given these two the average "Fankwae" (the generic name of the Celestial) is willing to

"leave points of belief,
To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools."

And, no doubt, because he believes that

"This moment's a flower too fair and brief
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools."

Against this universal belief in divination, geomancy, withcraft, and a devout belief in ghosts—all opposing creeds are considered blasphemous. The principal objection to Christianity on the part of the Chinese is its opposition and denunciation of the reverence paid to the spirits of the departed. No higher proof of mortal depravity can be imagined than the refusal to worship the ancestors of one's family. And then there is "Feng-Shui," which must be reckoned with in all considerations of Chinese national life; manners and customs, for the doctrine plays a most important part in the life of every human being in China, from the cradle to the grave.

Feng-Shui means literally "wind and water." What it covers is the ancient science of geomancy. The literary reader knows, of course, that geomancy is the "science" of divination by means of lines or points drawn on the earth's surface. Feng-Shui goes farther and pretends to divine by the direction of streams and rivers and winds as well as the configuration of ranges of hills, mountains. It would be impossible within the limits of this article to show how all mundane affairs are controlled by this absurd theory. One illustration must suffice: A father dies and the soothsayers are consulted as to a position for the grave. Their decision often takes weeks and even years, much depending on the wealth of the family. If placed in a grave at random, winds arising from the interior of the earth will disturb the bones and the coffin. In ten years the bones will be half turned over. This will bring bad luck to the family. In twenty years the bones will turn entirely over and calamities to all the living relatives of the deceased will follow! So this solicitude about family graves which, no doubt, originated in a wholesome and proper care for decent interment, has, in the course of ages, become a purely selfish motive. "Shui" means water. Graves must be selected with regard to water courses. If the branching point of a stream be at the northeast, northwest, southeast or southwest, there may be prosperity to the family. But a grave near the east, northeast and corresponding points of the compass, will cause elder sons and brothers of the dead to become scattered and poor. Water at east by north, west by south, south by east, or north by west, will insure happiness to children.

So the geomancer has much to say regarding fate. The cutting of a new highway or railroad may alter the course of the Shui, and as the graves of the past generation are everywhere—for China is an immense graveyard—such changes may lead to poverty, sudden death and other calamities. Thus Feng-Shui bars progress, interferes with commerce, enwraps the nation in the mummy-cloth of superstition and is the chief obstacle to civilization.

Not only the graves but the homes of the living are

subject to Feng-Shui. Locations must be in accordance with the "science" of the geomancer; lucky days must be chosen for marriages and all public and private affairs. It is of no religion, but of all, and it has its votaries from the Emperor on his throne to the leper outside the city gates.

No doubt, the last bulwark of Chinese superstition to yield to the inevitable progress of civilization will be Feng-Shui.

* * * *

HER BLUE FOX MUFF.

A WINTER STORY FOR HOT WEATHER.

[I was in 1861. I had fought a duel that autumn about an affair of the heart that would not interest you, and was doing my best to pick up another, by paying attention to a charming stranger, the Princess Millefiore.

The Princess was a beautiful woman; dark as night. But it was not a night without stars, for she had glorious, sparkling eyes. She was just thirty years old, possessed of a nature far from icy, and a fiercely jealous husband, who could not bear the sight of me. She, on the contrary, deigned to show me kindness which were far from maternal, though she was my senior by some seven or eight springtimes.

After having risked telling her how beautiful she was, and that her smile had completely captured my heart, I had arrived at the stage where it became necessary to put my emotions into writing. The difficulty did not lie in the composing but in the delivering of the notes, under the nose of a jealous husband, who never left her side for an instant.

A certain evening, during the winter of 1861, when all Paris was skating, I profited by a moment when the Princess had just laid down her muff of priceless blue fox on one of the benches of the pavilion, to slip a tiny note into its soft recesses. She saw my manoeuvre, and a glance from her bright eyes assured me she would not denounce me to the police. As discretion is the better part of valor, I moved away, for the eyes of the Prince were fixed upon me with so strange a regard that I asked myself whether he did not suspect something.

Madame de Millefiore, tall, slender, supple, was a horse-woman beyond comparison, and an indefatigable waltzer, but in her role of Italian, she did not shine on the ice as a patineuse. I had been witness to a fall at which I trembled with fear; but already the Princess was on her feet safe and sound. Her head had not struck! Yet the victim of so ordinary an accident disappeared into the apartment reserved for women.

Was she hurt? No! Five minutes later she glided out on the frozen mirror more graceful and daring than ever.

During the evening I managed to approach her for an instant, and said in an anxious tone, betraying a tender emotion:

"Take care, lest you should happen to fall again!"

Her answer was a laugh of malicious playfulness, accompanied by a charming smile.

"Rest easy, mon cher ami, I have taken the best of precautions.

And she glided away into the fashionable crowd that separated us.

An hour later, a supper was arranged. The beautiful Italian was among the guests, and, it is needless to say, I, too, managed to be one of the party assembled in the coffee-room of the *Café Anglais*. Everyone was in the most joyous of moods, beginning with the Princess. I recall that while watching her approach the fire to warm her adorable little feet, some one remarked to me in a low voice:

"By Jove! Madame de Millefiore isn't so thin after all!"

The fact is, that I was surprised and charmed at the opulence of certain contours, betrayed almost indiscreetly by the marvelous costume, designed especially for this evening. But, as if to drag me away from guilty dreams, the voice of the Prince broke in:

"My dear, where have you put your muff?"

That animal was order incarnate.

Of course the question was simple and legitimate enough in the mouth of her husband, yet the Princess colored up to her ears, and I could feel my face growing pale. I hazarded a glance at my accomplice, and I was certain I

The Mirror.

could read in her eyes an anguish easy to explain. The muff was nothing, but the note!

A second's hesitation, then came the reply:

"I—I do not know, perhaps it was left in the carriage."

Without a word the Prince left the room. I would have given anything to have that cursed note safe in my pocket. As for the Italian one would say that she was actually smiling. Oh! these women! What self-possession in the face of danger! Already I was going over in my mind the episode of *Francesca da Rimini* and *Paolo*, and I must admit the role of *Paolo* had no charms for me. Almost immediately the Prince returned, as inscrutable and impassive ever.

"Madame, your muff is not in the carriage."

I breathed again. A few moment's respite before the dénouement. With an air even more flippant than before, Madame de Millefiore cried:

"Then I must have left it at the lake—but let us sup, I am dying of hunger. The silly muff no longer troubles me!"

You may believe it or not, but that strange creature positively reveled in the supper before her. She appeared more beautiful and reckless than ever, flinging jests and epigrams broadcast. As for me, I had lost my appetite and any desire to join in the conversation, but the Princess called to me from the end of the table:

"Eh bien! Monsieur de C——, you are dull this evening. You must have left your wit at the lake with my muff."

My wit, where was it, indeed? Why had I not realized the only thing to do?

"The fact is, madame," I replied, "I am feeling a trifle indisposed," (I did not have a dry stitch on my body) "and it was imprudent not to have returned home immediately, which, however, I will do now, with your kind permission and that of these ladies."

Two minutes later, I was in a cab, speeding (need I say it?) toward the Bois. *Mon Dieu!* it is a long distance from the Cafe Anglais to the skating club, at two o'clock in the morning, when one is all impatience.

"Evidently," I thought, "the husband is suspicious. The first thing in the morning *Othello* will move heaven and earth to find his wife's muff, and my note! I must get there first. The gaiety of the Princess was all a sham. I could see that, in the glance she gave me as I took my departure. To the devil with love, anyway!"

When we reached the lake, the last lights were being extinguished; the glittering arena was bare. I searched vainly in the buffet, the hall, on the ice. I offered a hundred francs reward. No use! Many articles had been lost that evening, handkerchiefs, gloves, jewels, and (pardon the accuracy of detail) three or four garters; but not a single muff.

Possibly it had been found and turned over to the police. Without losing an instant, I re-entered the fiacre, and ordered the cocher (who was half dead with cold, and more than half drunk with brandy) to drive to the Prefecture of Police. The cab did not move. It was now three o'clock in the morning, and the brandy and the Siberian cold had numbed the faculties of my man, so I mounted on the box beside him, took the reins in one hand, while I held the automaton on the seat with the other, as he snored in peace, emitting such a perfume that I was afraid of becoming intoxicated by the odor alone.

A relative of mine lived at the Prefecture. I roused him from his slumbers, rushing into the house with so wild an air that he cried:

"Grand Dieu! Has there been a crime committed?"

"Not yet, uncle," I stammered, for I was so cold that my tongue almost refused to speak, "but I am here to beg you to prevent the murder of two persons, one of whom, at least, interests me very greatly."

Then, as my teeth chattered, I confessed the story of the note and muff, without disclosing the name of the Princess. My uncle commenced by delivering a sermon, twenty minutes long, which had at least the advantage of allowing me to warm myself a little. Then he added:

"As to your discretion, to the devil with it. It is absolutely necessary that I should know the husband's name, in order to prevent him from finding what he seeks, and, above all, that which he is not looking for."

Seeing no other course open to me, I made my confession complete, after which I took leave of my uncle, who assured me that the muff should be delivered to none other than myself, were it left at the Prefecture.

It was five o'clock in the morning when I reached my apartments. That afternoon I entered the salon of the Princess. I had a good excuse for my visit. The cursed muff! In my life I have had many a cold in my head but never such a one as was the result of my night's adventure.

"Madame, I have passed the night hunting for it, or at least trying to prevent your husband from finding it. The horse is foundered, the coachman is half dead; and I am not here for long, I fear, but the devotion—"

A sneeze which caused the strings of the piano to vibrate, cut short my tender speech.

"A vos souhaits," said my Princess, "but why were you out all night? I do not understand."

"The muff," I stammered.

At these words she burst into a fit of laughter, which I accompanied by sneezes.

"The muff," she gasped, "why there it is."

And she pointed to a stand, on which lay a strange object, deformed as if by long pressure.

"Where was it?" I asked, almost speechless with astonishment and my cold in the head.

Another ripple of laughter.

"Where was it? That doesn't concern you. All I can say is that if I had fallen again on the ice I wouldn't have hurt myself as I did the first time!"

From the French of Leon de Tinseau, by Daisy C. Sage, in Town Talk.

the ideal and the real in the woful story imparts to it a verisimilitude irresistible even by the most unimaginative and incredulous. Rimini, Ravenna, Malatesta, are names so familiar to us all that any story concerning them would have to be, to the last degree, improbable to move our incredulity. But who is it that is not prepared to believe in the sorrows of a love tale?

Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.

"It is the greatest of all masters of the human heart, the greatest and wisest teacher concerning human life, who tells us that; and Dante, who, in this respect, is to be almost as much trusted as Shakespeare himself, makes Francesca, with her truly feminine temperament, say:

*Amor, che a nullo amato amar perdona,
Mi prese del costui piacer si forte,
Che come vedi, ancor non m'abbandona.*

Love that compels all who are loved to love,
Entangled both in such abiding charm,
That, as you see, he still deserts me not.

As we hear those words, it is no longer Rimini, Ravenna, Malatesta, Paolo, Francesca, that arrest our attention and rivet it by their reality. We are enthralled by the ideal realism, or realistic idealism, call it which you will, of the larger and wider world we all inhabit, of this vast and universal theater, of whose stage Love remains to-day, as it was yesterday, and will remain forever, the central figure, the dominant protagonist."

These utterances of Mr. Austin, who, if not a great poet, is considerable of a critic, have a certain timeliness, in view of the fact that, next season, Mr. Richard Mansfield will present to the public the beautiful version of the story referred to, by Mr. Stephen Phillips. Americans generally, of certain age, will remember how the Baker version of the story stirred them on the stage when presented by Lawrence Barrett, Louis James and Marie Wainwright. It is doubtful, however, if many English speaking folk will agree that the passage cited by Mr. Austin is "the loveliest in literature."

LOVELIEST LINES IN POETRY.

THE BRITISH POET LAUREATE'S OPINION.

THAT excellent "compendium of the contemporaneous thought of the world," the *Literary Digest*, condenses from the *National Review* an article by the Poet Laureate, Alfred Austin, giving the substance of a paper recently read by him before the Dante Society of London. He finds Dante's chief title to fame in his marvelous realistic treatment of the ideal, so that we yield credence wholly and absolutely to the magic of his imaginings. "Read where you will in the pages of the 'Divina Commedia,'" he remarks; "you will find this is one of the main causes of its hold on the attention of the world." Of all the wondrous passages of the poem, the love story of Paolo Malatesta and Francesca da Rimini, "told in such exquisite accents, so veiled in music, so transfigured by verse, that even the sternest moralist, I imagine, can hardly bring himself to call it illicit," is the most alluring.

Mr. Austin thinks this passage in the fifth canto of the "Inferno," is "the loveliest single passage in poetry ever written; yes, lovelier even than anything in Shakespeare, for it has all Shakespeare's genius, and more than Shakespeare's art; and I compassionate the man or woman who, having had the gift of birth, goes down to the grave without having read it. There is no such other love-story, no such other example of the *lachrymæ rerum*, the deep abiding tearfulness of things. Nothing should be taken from, nothing can be added to it. To me it seems sacred, like the Ark of the Covenant, that no one must presume to touch."

The Laureate then describes the impression received by him when in Florence, in May, 1865, at the celebration of the six hundredth anniversary of Dante's birth, he heard, in the Pagliano Theater, Ristori, Salvini and Rossi repeat, to the accompaniment of living pictures, the best-known passages of the "Divina Commedia." One of those supreme elocutionists, who still lives, recited the story of Paolo and Francesca; and from her gifted voice he heard of the *tempo de' dolci sospiri* and *i dubbi osi desiri*, the season of sweet sighs and hesitating desires, the *disiato riso*, the longed-for smile, the trembling kiss, the closing of the volume, and then the final lines of the canto:

*Mentre che l'uno spirto questo disse.
L'altro piangeva si, che di pietade
To venni men così com' io morisse:
E caddi, come corpo morto cade.*

While the one told to us this dolorous tale,
The other wept so bitterly, that I
Out of sheer pity felt as like to die;
And down I fell, even as a dead body falls.

"This unmatched tale of tender transgression and vainly penitential tears," continues Mr. Austin, "reconciles us to the more abstract description of punishment that precedes it, and the detailed account of pitiless penalty that follows it, in succeeding cantos; and the absolute fusion of

WICKED SOCIETY.

CANNOT BE CURBED AT NEWPORT.

SWELL Society at Newport will not be curbed in its pleasures. Last Sunday a preacher, named Hamilton, rebuked the swells gathered swelteringly before him for their giddiness on Sundays. They listened respectfully. He told them they sinned in dining publicly and in playing golf, on Sunday. Then the service came to an end, and the congregation left. That afternoon there was the swiftest, hottest, social outburst of the season. There were dinners galore, in the evening, with bridge whist. There were more people on the golf-links, most of them having been noticed at the sermon that denounced golfing. There were six hundred patrons of the grill-room, a place specifically denounced by the preacher. Newport broke loose. The incident illustrated once more the adage that forbidden fruits are sweet. The preacher's warning made the things he denounced just the things to do. The preacher was silly. He denounced the most harmless things at Newport. He ignored the real vices thereabout, the things that are not public. He made things innocent appear to be mildly wicked, but he said nothing about the flirtations between other men's wives and other women's husbands. His advice, had it been heeded, would have resulted in driving swelldom into secret pleasures, always worse than public pleasures. He made a foolish attempt to force enjoyment out of the open into the dark, to confine the swells to idleness and consequent mischief. The best thing about places like Newport is the openness of the life there. There cannot be much harm done above board. The decentest, frankest features of the life were selected by the preacher for condemnation, and Society did well to ignore such an asinine pulpit. All such preachers as the Rev. Hamilton should be muzzled. They are fakirs. They dodge the prospect of hurting the feelings of wealthy people, by attacking everything but the real evils in what is called Society. The secret sins are those that endanger the body social and the body politic. The third commandment is not so important as some further down the list. The open Sabbath is certainly the least of swelldom's sins, and too much emphasis on small sins is apt to diminish the importance of other, larger and darker vices. *W. M. R.*

SUMMER MUSIC.

AT THE DELMAR.

The cleverness of the performers engaged in the production of "The French Maid," at the beautiful Delmar garden, saves the piece from being a bore. Though styled on the program as a "frisky English novelty," there is little novelty in music or words, and its friskiness is due entirely to the spirited work of the players. For the company at this new garden is exceptionally fine and complete, and would make entertaining even worse stuff than this alleged "novelty." Miss Ethel Jackson, who plays the maid, is a most winsome body, and though her *Susette* is a very near relation to her *Mlle. Julie Bon Bon*, who in turn is her *Runaway Girl* thinly disguised by an indifferent French accent, this pretty Miss has so charming an individuality that one rather likes to have her repeat herself in each succeeding role. Alexander Clark is a good comedian, a very good comedian, altogether too good to allow himself to become merely an imitator, as he is doing this week. His *Waiter* is amusing, and a faithful reproduction in makeup and manner of Bigelow, in the same part. Sloan has broken away from his German dialect without being a whit less funny. Begley filled completely a sailor's suit and the requirements of the part, and Hubert Wilke, who is paying the penalty of an atrocious vocal method was successful in his love-making, even if his singing was only moderately meritorious.

Miss White as *Dorothy Travers* is good to look on, and the lady with the strange name, Miss Nera Rose, does exceptionally clever character work as *Lady Hawser*. Then beautiful Miss Bouvier fits about like a sunbeam in a picturesque maid's costume, and turns her angelic smile on the audience, and the large chorus of well shaped girls adds much to the attractiveness of the performance. This same chorus is wonderfully well drilled, and, with the exception of a straggling entrance in the finale, no fault can be found with its work. Spectacularly, the performance bears comparison with similar productions, made at any first class theatre during the regular season, and shows a raid on the storehouse of the original company. The stage manager at this garden, Mr. Charles Seagrave, deserves great credit, as does also the musical director, John Lang, who gets everything that is to be gotten out of the orchestral score.

AT THE CAVE.

After two performances "Said Pasha" was taken off and "Il Trovatore" put on at Manager McNeary's popular summer Opera House. The Verdi opera has been the artistic and financial success of the present season and its revival was a wise move on the part of the management. Hinshaw and Mrs. Van Studdiford do great work as *di Luna* and *Leonora* respectively and their singing of the duet at the close of the prison scene alone is worth a second hearing of the opera. However, the failure of these excellent singers to "make good" (in theatrical parlance) in "Said Pasha" is deplorable. Musically it is the flimsiest kind of stuff, but it has the elements of success both in music and book, and has always been a favorite with Cave audiences and its failure on Sunday night is due entirely to the unsatisfactory work of the principals. Mrs. Van Studdiford was ill and, although she did her best to conceal

the fact, the audience was not slow to catch on. She looked wonderfully pretty in the "boy's" suit and her voice was in fine condition, but owing to her indisposition she gave a lifeless, depressing performance and cut music and "business" ruthlessly. This in itself was enough to down the show, and then Hinshaw's apparent lack of interest did not mend matters. He had little to sing excepting an interpolated ballad which was well received and the pretty kiss duet with Mrs. Van Studdiford, which though usually good for a double encore, fell absolutely flat Sunday night. Pache, though he sang off the key, at least displayed some knowledge of his part and sang and acted with spirit. Miss Lodge worked like a Trojan to make things "go," but her role was a comparatively insignificant one, and though her recitation, in spite of Spencer's slovenly work in taking up the orchestral cues, made the hit of the evening, she could not save the performance. Nor could Steiger's hugely enjoyable burlesquing entirely offset the doleful impression made by a sick and unwilling prima donna and an uninterested baritone. Steiger, by the way, has come to the front wonderfully this summer and hereafter should no longer be known as a "useful" comic opera man, but may, with all due modesty, sign himself: William Steiger, high class operatic comedian.

The Lounger.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

At Uhrig's Cave, commencing Sunday, August 12th, and continuing for the week, the Spencer Opera Company will present, for the first time this season, Gounod's "Faust," probably the most popular grand opera ever produced. In no other production are massed such exquisite music as "The Jewel Song," sung by Marguerite; "The Calf of Gold" and "The Serenade," sung by Mephisto; the "Flower Song" by Siebel; "Live Innocent and Purely" as sung by "Faust." Among the ensemble numbers is the well-remembered and always welcome "Soldier's Chorus." The cast is one of the best of the season, including Grace Van Studdiford as Marguerite; Martin Pache, Faust; William Wade Henshaw, Mephisto; James Rohan, Valentine; William Steiger, Wagner; Emily Gardner, Siebel; Gertrude Lodge, Martha. Next week, a triple bill: "Charity Begins at Home," "A Sleeping Queen," and "Rose of Auvergne."

Al Ahrens' Benefit at the Cave, on August 13th, is an assured success. The demand for seats is the largest ever known in the history of this al fresco resort.

Great amusement, in and out of the Pavilion, is promised for next week at Forest Park Highlands. Col. Hopkins talks mysteriously of the advent of "Miss Murphy," but who Miss Murphy is he will not say. As this unknown lady will exhibit either her beauty or her art outside, on the grounds, speculation is rife as to what she does. However, everybody has a chance to see her. Among the features in a featureful bill Papinta leads, together with the Chicago Ladies' Quartette, an excellent combination of singers, composed of Miss Frane Jott, soprano; Sadie L. Farley, mezzo soprano; Josephine Comstock, contralto; and Alice Merrill Raymond, alto. This organization is said to be the finest of its kind in America. As combination parties seem the order of the day in the week's programme, Sam, Kittie and Clara Morton come in for a high place. They are the most expensive comedy-trio in vaudeville. The Van Aukens, horizontal bar experts, Welch and Melrose, Stanley and Wilson, and the Wilson family have good turns to offer. Howe, Wall and Walters, whose funny musical act is pleasing thousands this week, and Apollo, the Adonis of the wire, will hold over from this week. So will the Paris Exposition views. As the particular attraction, however, Miss Murphy is recommended.

The E. E. Rice Company, at Delmar Garden, has in preparation for the week beginning Sunday afternoon, August 12th, the extravaganza,

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"Excelsior Jr." never before produced in the West. Its scene is laid in Switzerland where characters, ancient and modern, unite in a burlesque of the famous poem from which the piece takes its name. The production is the most ambitious thing attempted by the De'mar people this season. The same scenery and costumes used in the first New York production will be used, and many of the players who took part in the first production will be in the cast. The piece abounds in pretty choruses and catchy airs.

Beginning next Sunday afternoon, the Suburban will again have a straight vaudeville bill. It is headed by Charles Wayne and Anna Caldwell. They have not been seen in St. Louis for some years, but will be pleasantly remembered by regular theater-goers. The sketch in which they appear is one of George M. Cohan's best efforts, entitled "To Boston on Business." Carroll Johnson will do an individual specialty, introducing fresh songs and sayings. George Wilson is down for a ten-minute talk, and Maud and Dick Garnella will entertain in their old, familiar fashion. Tom Brown, whistler and mimic, and Al Blanchard and Fred Warren in a new sketch that they hope to make popular in the vaudeville houses, fill out the bill.

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SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Mr. and Mrs. Victor B. Bell are at Gloucester, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Finlay and family are at Mackinac.

Mrs. William Oberhauser is visiting friends in Minneapolis.

Mrs. Ben Barnes and her two children are at Rockport, Mass.

Mrs. Francesca Lenartz leaves soon for a trip to Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Thompson are staying at Avon-by-the-Sea.

Mr. and Mrs. Garrard Strode will go to Atlantic City this week.

Mrs. Charles W. Scudder is visiting friends at Harbor Point, Mich.

Judge and Mrs. Wilbur F. Boyle have taken a cottage at Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Calkins have returned from a visit to Mackinac.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Lammert are summering at Manitou Springs, Col.

Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Sloan and family are at Bay View, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Lilburn G. McNair have a cottage at Point aux Barques.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Horton, and Miss Carrie Blackman are at Waukesha.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Faust and Mrs. A. D. Gianini are going East next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Blossom and Mrs. Alfred Bradford are at Charlevoix.

Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Adams are registered at the Rockingham, Narragansett Pier.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Russell and Miss Kennerly have a cottage at Lake Minnetonka.

Dr. and Mrs. Willard Bartlett have gone to housekeeping at 3865 Delmar avenue.

Dr. and Mrs. Carr Lane are among the late St. Louis arrivals at Narragansett Pier.

Mr. and Mrs. Kent Jarvis are at "The Maples," the Case homestead, in Webster Groves.

Miss Julia Vion and Miss Lulu Papin are staying at Lindenwood College, St. Charles.

The Misses Julia and Louise Knapp have gone to Jamestown, R. I., for the month of August.

Mrs. E. S. Brooks and Mr. Van Houten Brooks are among the St. Louisans at Wequetoonsing.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred D. Gardiner are going to Narragansett Pier the latter part of this week.

Mrs. Alonzo Slayback and her daughter, Mrs. Charles Todd Clark, are at Manitou Springs, Col.

Judge and Mrs. Franklin Ferris and family are occupying their summer home at Biddeford Pool.

Mr. and Mrs. James E. Manchester are registered at the Churchill House, Brant Rock, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wyman with Misses Mabel and Florence Wyman are at Wequetoonsing.

Mrs. Claus Vieths, Miss Eline Vieths and other members of the family, are registered at Magnolia.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McCormick are visiting the Paris Exposition and will return home in about six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Thomson and Mr. and Mrs. August Luyties are at Magnolia.

Mrs. Henry Wyman and Mrs. F. Volmer have gone to Lake Michigan this week, to remain until September.

Mrs. George Gill with Miss Annabel Gill and the Messrs. Gill are at the Harbor View, East Gloucester, Mass.

Mrs. P. Behr, Miss Gladys Behr and Mr. B. Behr have gone to Manitou, for the benefit of Miss Behr's health.

Mrs. John Dryden and her little son, Taylor, are spending the hot months at the Seaside Hotel, Atlantic City.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Dorsett will leave, in a few days, for the Canadian resorts and a trip down the St. Lawrence river.

Miss Eugenie Maginnis is at Narragansett Pier with her aunt, Mrs. David A. Nease, of New York, formerly Mrs. E. De Lacy Wickes.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Handlan and family, after traveling through the East, are at Mackinac Island, for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Byrns, of Grand Rapids, have been off on a yachting trip. Mrs. Byrns was formerly Miss Ella Hodgen of this city.

Col. and Mrs. D. B. Gould are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Grady, of Atlanta, at their summer home on Lac La Belle, Oconomowoc.

Mrs. Robert S. Filley, who has been at Lake Minnetonka, visiting her sister, Mrs. Firmin

Day, is now at Wequetoonsing, with her mother, Mrs. D. A. Hopkins. Miss Louise Filley is at Kennebunkport, the guest of Mrs. Herbert Walker and Mrs. Max Kotany.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Hill, of Memphis, have left Harbor Point and gone to Macatawa Park to join Mrs. Henry W. Bond and Miss Irene Bond.

Mrs. Ola Bell and her mother, Mrs. R. M. Poulin, are at Macatawa Park. Mrs. Bell expects to leave soon to join her husband in the Philippines.

Mrs. A. C. Robinson left Tuesday night for Mackinac Island, to visit a party of friends. Miss Ella Robinson has returned from a trip to Harbor Beach, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Huiskamp, of Santa Barbara, Cal., who have been visiting friends here for several weeks, have left for a sojourn in Iowa before returning to their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Drummond, who have been yachting in Eastern waters, were at Narragansett Pier last week, and gave a handsome luncheon on their yacht, the *Sapphire*.

Mr. H. Clay Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. Eben Richards and Mr. and Mrs. Clay Pierce have left their Wisconsin hunting lodge and are now at the Pierce home at Pride's Crossing.

Dr. and Mrs. John O'F. Delaney are entertaining a home party in their cottage at Douglas, Mich., among them being Mrs. Ellen Martin, Mrs. E. M. Sloan and Mrs. Sylvester Pratt.

Mrs. John Fiun, Mrs. J. J. Daly, with Misses Marie Louise Daly and Theresa Fiun, are at Asbury Park, for a short stay. Mrs. Wm. Sippy and Miss Cora Sippy are also at that resort.

Miss Erwin Hayward and Miss Maud Niedringhaus, who have been travelling in Europe for the past six months, under the chaperonage of Miss Mason, will return the middle of this month. Miss Florence Hayward will then probably leave for London to resume her journalistic work.

The death of Mrs. D. M. Frost, last Saturday, puts a large social contingent into mourning, as she was a granddaughter of John Mulanphy, and the Mulanphy ramifications of St. Louis are as intricate and extensive as those of the Chouteaus. Mrs. Frost was a very much beloved woman, especially among the poor. Her charities were great, but hidden from the world. She was Gen. D. M. Frost's third wife. She leaves two sons, Owen and Mullanphy Cates.

John F. Magner, managing editor of the *St. Louis Star*, and a journalist of distinction for twenty years, and Miss Julia S. Downs, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hudson S. Downs, of 5067 Delmar avenue, were married at 11 o'clock Monday morning at the new Catholic Cathedral at Maryland and Newstead avenues. Father P. S. O'Reilly officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Magner departed Monday afternoon for Boston and other Eastern points. Upon their return to St. Louis, they will reside at 5137 Delmar avenue.

The St. Louis colony at South Haven, Mich., grows larger every day. Mr. and Mrs. La Prelle and Miss Effie La Prelle, of Washington Terrace, are among the latest arrivals at the Avery Beach Hotel; also Dr. and Mrs. Wheeler Bond. Col. and Mrs. George Hayward have been at this popular resort for several weeks with their daughter, Miss Florence Hayward. Mrs. George Niedringhaus is expected also with her family, to occupy their cottage. Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand P. Kaiser are entertaining a number of house parties in their cottage. Dr. and Mrs. Morrell are in their new cottage and Dr. and Mrs. Shelp are entertaining Miss Marie Bauduy in their cottage. Among other St. Louisans are, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Luyties, Mrs. Sam Piper, Mrs. R. H. Shotwell, Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Sawyer, Mrs. C. S. Raiston, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. Reece, Mrs. John L. Phelps, Mrs. Bullen, Mrs. R. A. Mills, Mrs. Wm. Gilbert and the Misses Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Shumate and Mrs. Hodgen.



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No one knows how Mr. Andrew Lang gets through such a stupendous amount of work. He never works in the morning, generally takes a stroll in the afternoon and dines late. The reason is that he can write anywhere on anything. A story is told that he once borrowed a farmer's hat in the train, wrote an article on the crown of it, and at the same time conducted an elaborate argument on the subject of ghosts.

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LESTER CRAWFORD.

T. Lester Crawford, United States Commissioner, died at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Pearson, Tuesday evening. His demise will be felt as a deep loss in many departments of local activity. He was a clubman, a gentleman sport, a dilettante of music, and the President of the Apollo Club, St. Louis' most exclusive musical organization. He was a linguist, a literary gourmet, a rare story-teller, a fine billiardist, a distinctive man of fashion in dress, a politician in the better sense of the term, and a man of most engaging personal qualities always. Above all the mere pleasantness of his personality was his strong manliness of character, and his devotion to his friends under all circumstances. He had been a devoted son and a fond brother, and while he succeeded largely in making an art of living, he managed to do so without falling into that selfishness which usually develops from the pursuit of that minor ambition. Of all the local notables who have died during the past year he was probably the most widely known, and generally liked. He was but 45 years of age, and his end was sudden, and, therefore, the more saddening to his friends.

SPIDER PEST.

A peculiar but very serious difficulty in the operation of telegraph lines in the Argentine Republic is described by *Electricity* as follows: "The small spider, of the variety that spins a long cobweb and floats on it in the air, is so plentiful there that the floating webs settle on the wires in enormous quantities. As soon as dew falls or a shower of rain comes up, every microscopic thread becomes wet and establishes a minute leak. The effect of thousands and millions of such leaks is practically to stop the operation of the lines, and the Government telegraph department, especially in Buenos Ayres, has been put to vast inconvenience by the cobwebs. A number of expedients have been tried but to no avail. On the important line between Buenos Ayres and Rosario the effect of the spider webs is to cut down the speed of working from 300 or 400 to 30 messages an hour. The Government has just determined, as a last resort, to connect the two points by an underground cable about one hundred and fifty miles long."

WAGNER.

When Wagner conducted a series of philharmonic concerts in London in 1855, so many critics and Mendelssohnians objected to his conducting without the score that at last, when the "Eroica" was on rehearsal, the directors requested him to give up a practice "so debasing to the art." They crowded around him after the concert to congratulate him upon his success and his splendid interpretation of the symphony—due, of course, to his having complied with their wishes, and having conducted from the score: one of them chanced to glance at the conductor's desk and found there Rossini's "Barber of Seville" upside down!—*The Etude*.

Fine diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

"HUMPHREY'S CORNER."

**Humphrey
Makes
Shirts**

Any sort you want—
There is not such another
Collection of smart and
Handsome fabrics in
St. Louis as is here
At Broadway and Pine—
We will make
Six handsome Negligee Shirts
For

\$12.00

Investigate—

F.W. Humphrey

Clothing Co..

Sellers of
Hackett, Carhart & Co.'s
Fine Clothing,
Broadway
and
New York | Pine Street.

The Mirror.

LOCAL POLITICS.

The Republicans are talking of Mr. Halsey C. Ives for Mayor. Some of them want him because his father-in-law, Mr. Rufus J. Lackland, has money. But Mr. Lackland has never spent money in politics and will not begin now. Mr. Ives is an excellent man, a scholar, an artist, a thinker. But the Ziegenhein crowd doesn't want a man like Mr. Ives. He might be elected, and where would that gang be? There's talk, too, of Corwin Spencer, but he owns Transit Company stock. That settles him in North and South St. Louis. The Democrats are not even thinking of a candidate. They're too busy knifing each other. I begin to think the Independent Movement of the editor of the MIRROR is going to sweep this town next spring. Democrats and Republicans are about equally dead.

•

Mr. Jim Butler will run for Congress against Mr. Horton. The only thing against Mr. Horton is Transit Company Manager Baumhoff's friendship. Many Republican workers will help Butler, and all the Republican strike sympathizers. And old man Butler will collect all his political debts in both parties to help the boy. Old man Butler may be roasted to a finish, but he has lots of friends who will do anything he wants. And no man he has ever served in any way can say "no" when the boss asks support for his boy. Of course Jim isn't in the Sunday-school class, but he's not the worst man who ever ran for Congress in St. Louis. He will be as effective in Congress and more so than many of his predecessors, for he is a man of good natural talent reinforced by a good education. He can't be sneered down, though, of course, the opposition will have fun with him.

•

Mr. Hawes is home again. Chief Campbell has been guilty of violation of duty. He has actually undertaken to run the police department. The Chief is solid with the Governor of the State. The Governor dislikes Mr. Hawes. But Mr. Hawes can do lots of damage. Chief Campbell read the riot act to the strike leaders about dynamiting. This offends the Labor vote. If Mr. Hawes makes fight on the Chief for offending the Labor vote the Democrats will lose the city. If the Chief has really offended the Labor vote, the Democrats will lose the city anyhow. The Governor does not love Mr. Dockery. The Governor is in a combination with the Bradys again. The Bradys are against the Butlers. Mr. Hawes was lately with the Butlers. The Bradys hate Mr. Hawes. The knives are being whetted all along the line. The Jefferson Club is all split up over the apparent attempt to freeze Hawes out. And in North and South St. Louis the Democrats are declaring they will vote for Flory, the Republican, for Governor. There's a faction fight in the Eleventh Congressional district. The Democrats were never so badly divided. Sam Cook has been here trying to patch things up, but he failed. The reason the campaign was not opened here was because Dockery didn't want to get into the local fight. It is said Hawes will go out of the Police Board and that Stuever is ready to make terms with the Bradys. Chief Campbell is believed to have taken the reins in

police affairs on the assurance that Hawes can't harm him, but his roast of Mack Missik and T. B. Edwards, of the strike committee, accusing them of dynamiting, is rotten politics. It helps the Transit Company, but it will beat the Democratic ticket this fall. Chief Campbell wouldn't do such a thing without thinking of the results. He has probably been advised by Gov. Stephens. If the Governor so advised him, he wants to defeat Dockery in St. Louis. The Governor is not a bad politician, whatever else we may say about him. The Board cannot fire Chief Campbell without trial. A trial might make St. Louis go Republican by 75,000 and swing the State into the Republican column on the evidence adduced. If the present state of affairs continues Joe Flory will carry St. Louis by 25,000 majority and imperil the Democracy of the State. The Republicans have a chance to carry Missouri this year and the chance is right here in St. Louis. If the Democrats dump Hawes, exasperate and insult Union labor, if they trade every other candidate off for votes for Butler, if they go on knifing each other, Joe Flory will succeed Lon V. Stephens at Jefferson City. And I don't think either Ex-Gov. Stone, Col. Ed. Butler, Tony Stuever, Governor Stephens or any other leader would be grieved by the occurrence.

The Committeeeman.
* * *

THE REFORMER.

(By Request.)

All grim and soiled and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrines of man
Along his path.

The Church beneath her trembling dome,
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm;
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in;
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din.

"Spare!" Art implored, "yon holy pile;
That grand, old, time-worn turret spare;"
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groaned for his old accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff, and wept to find
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O'erhung with paly locks of gold—
"Why smite," he asked in sad surprise,
"The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,
Yet nearer flashed his ax's gleam,
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,
As from a dream.

I looked; aside the dust-clouds rolled—
The Waster seemed the Builder, too!
Up-springing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad—
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

Calm grew the brow of him I feared;
The frown which awed me passed away
And left behind a smile which cheered
Like breaking day.

Grown wiser for the lesson given
I fear no longer, for I know
That where the share is deepest driven
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone—

MR. HERRICK'S POWERFUL WORK OF FICTION

THE WEB OF LIFE,

By ROBERT HERRICK,

Author of "The Gospel of Freedom," etc.

Cloth, 12mo., \$1.50.

"The greatest study of American social life ever contributed to American fiction." —*The Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

"As a story it is absorbing." —*The Bookman.*

"One of the strongest stories of the summer." —*Buffalo Express.*

"The important fact we wished to note, however, is the remarkable verity and vividness of the story of Chicago in 'The Web of Life.'" —*Times Saturday Review.*

"Brilliantly written." —*Detroit Free Press.*

"Most emphatically worth reading." —*Boston Budget.*

"There is no exaggeration in the statement that there has not been a story published in many years that has evoked such immediate criticism, favorable and otherwise. . . . It is certain that this book will grow in favor and interest, and will ere long be numbered with the record-breakers at the book stores and circulating libraries." —*Buffalo Commercial.*

"A FINE AND POWERFUL STORY . . . MR. HERRICK SUCCEEDS, MOREOVER, IN PRESENTING VIVIDLY A NEW AND IMPORTANT PHASE IN AMERICAN LIFE, THE CHAFING OF MEN OF EDUCATION AGAINST THE GROWING RESTRICTIONS OF THEIR INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM OF ACTION BY THE RAPID INCREASE OF 'COMMERCIALISM' IN THE PROFESSIONS, THE COMBINATIONS OF LAWYERS AND DOCTORS INTO GREAT BUSINESS ESTABLISHMENTS . . . IT IS A STRONG AND GOOD PICTURE OF AMERICAN LIFE AND SHOULD BE READ." —*The N. Y. Sun.*

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, Publishers, New York.

These wait their doom, from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day;
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay.

God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night,
Wake thou and watch!—the world is gray
With morning light.

J. G. Whittier.

A SPECIALIST.

A few days ago a well-known Washington woman, being unexpectedly bereft of her kitchen assistance, advertised for a colored woman capable of performing general housework. The first caller in response to the advertisement was a mulatto damsel, bedecked with ribbon and finery. From her airs and graces she might have been a graduate of a seminary. She announced that she had noticed the advertisement and was desirous of securing employment. "Are you a good cook?" inquired the lady of the house. "No, indeed, I don't cook," was the reply. "Are you a good washer and ironer?" was the next query. "I wouldn't do washing and ironing; it's too hard on the hands," declared the caller. "Can you sweep?" the housewife then wanted to know. "No," was the answer, and it was a positive one, "I'm not strong enough for that." "Well, in the name of goodness, what can you do?" said the lady of the house, exasperated. The placid reply was: "I dusts."

* * *

Artistic Cut Glass—Mermod & Jaccard's.

WOMEN AND CHINESE VOTERS.

Native-born Chinamen can now vote, and three thousand of them availed themselves of this right in 1896 to cast their ballots against the suffrage being given to the women of California. Think of Mrs. Leland Stanford and Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, the wives of United States Senators, and the two citizens of California who have done most for the educational interests of the State, giving their millions to help the young to help themselves, from the kindergartens of San Francisco to the great universities; think of the wife of the United States Minister Plenipotentiary to the court of Berlin, and of the wife of the United States Minister to Japan, with all the other hundreds of thousands of noble women in the State who asked to vote; think of the question of the political freedom and equality of these women being brought to the tribunal of the ballot-box, and of Sam Lee and Wog Ho in their pigtailed gravely deciding that women didn't know enough to vote. Now the only disfranchised class in this so-called Republic are the women. To this complexion has it come at last! The negroes and the Chinamen have in their turn been enfranchised, women alone are left, the millstone around the neck of the enfranchised labor of all races.

Susan B. Anthony.

* * *

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

FAUST & SONS.

Oyster and Restaurant Co.

We Control
and
Operate

5 PLACES.
viz:

Delmar Garden.
Fulton Market, 412-414-416 Elm Street.
Wholesale Department, 414-416 Elm Street.
Restaurant and Cafe, Broadway and Elm Street.
Exposition Cafe, Exposition Building.

DOBLEY BUYS A BELT.

Mr. Dobley was at his office when he received this telegram:

Please stop in at Sellething's on your way home and buy me a belt; waist measure, twenty-one. Honora.

That meant that Mrs. Dobley wanted a belt in a great hurry, and as they were starting for out of town by an early morning train Mr. Dobley supposed that it was to wear with a traveling dress. He hated to shop, but it was understood that when a case of necessity arose he was willing to sacrifice himself. So he kept the message and stopped off at Sellething's half an hour before closing time. He wondered if belts came under the head of notions or jewelry, but, wishing to be quite sure, he asked a floor-walker, who said belts were in the basement.

Mr. Dobley went down in the elevator, wondering much, and asked another man about belts. This man mopped his brow, for it was a warm afternoon, and repeated inanely, almost idiomatically:

"Belts? Not on this floor," said the man, reproachfully. "They said upstairs they were on this floor," said Dobley, savagely. He hated being sent on a wild-goose chase about a dry-goods shop, and sometimes it seemed as though it were a sort of game that the salespeople played on customers, especially when it was nearly time to close.

"We only have athletic belts and swimming belts on this floor," said the floor-walker.

"Then what are you talking about?" asked Dobley. "Where are they?"

The floor-walker designated the direction that led to the athletic goods, and Dobley proceeded, although he knew quite well that he would not find the belt Mrs. Dobley wished for among them. But he wanted to teach the floor-walker a lesson in politeness.

After pretending to buy, he strode upstairs and wandered among the aisles like a lost soul, looking for belts. Seeing some things depending from a line with buckles on them, he approached jauntily, and said to the young woman in charge:

"Let me see some of these in your very latest designs, please."

"The very latest have gun-metal and rhinestone buckles," said the young lady. "This has a horseshoe on one and a *fleur-de-lis* on the other. Eight dollars a pair."

"A pair?" exclaimed Mr. Dobley. "Do you sell 'em by the pair?"

"Usually," said the young lady, haughtily.

"I only wanted one," said Dobley, "twenty-one inches."

"How many inches?" asked the young lady, in a frightened tone.

"Twenty-one," said Dobley, "waist measure."

"The waist measure doesn't matter," said the young woman.

"Doesn't?" asked Dobley. "I should think the waist measure would matter considerably in a belt."

"These aren't belts," said the young woman; "they are stocking-supporters."

"Oh—" said Dobley, "I thought—"

"Cawsh!" said the young lady, turning her back deliberately on Dobley.

Mr. Dobley turned away crestfallen. It now only lacked fifteen minutes of six, and he knew what to expect in the way of attention from the clerks at that hour. He saw a pleasant-faced young woman standing by a counter full of hats, and he approached her.

"Can you inform me," he said, "where I can find belts for sale?"

"I can not," she said, calmly.

"Would you be good enough to find out?" asked Dobley, in desperation.

"I would not," she said, haughtily.

"And why not, may I ask?" said Dobley.

"Because I don't choose to," said the young woman, "and I think you are impertinent!"

Just then a salesman came up and handed the lady a hat which she pinned on her head, handed him payment for, and left, after a look of scorn at Dobley, who perceived that he had been addressing a customer instead of a saleswoman.

"Belts!" "Belts?" he said, hoarsely, clutching the clerk's hand.

"What kind of belts?" asked the clerk in surprise.

"Not a championship belt," said Dobley, feebly; "nor a swimming belt, nor an athletic belt, nor an electric belt, but a belt—a feminine belt—twenty-one inches. Please lead me to them."

The man pointed to a counter across the room, where two girls were dusting things, and putting them away. They paid no attention to Mr. Dobley, but carried on an interesting conversation.

"Please show me some belts," said Mr. Dobley.

"What price belts?" asked the saleswoman.

"How can I tell what I want till I see them," said Dobley.

"He can't tell then," said the other girl again, addressing space. "He's a shopper. They always come in at six on a hot day."

"Here are some of the newest belts," said the young woman. "This gold braid with a real turquoise buckle. They are a dollar an inch, and the buckle comes extra."

"Isn't that rather high?" said Dobley.

"Not for gold belts," said the girl.

"I think my wife would prefer a plainer sort of belt," he said.

"His wife?" said the space talker, sarcastically.

"There is no call for plain belts," said the girl, shoving the tray away in the case. "What time is it, Mame?"

"Ten minutes to six," said the other girl. "I should think folks would know better than to come in at such a time."

"Perhaps you'd like a sixty-five cent belt? Or, how about a leather belt?"

"Well, how about it?" said Dobley. "Let me see it?"

She took out a box of leather belts. There was a dangerous glitter in her eye.

"Do you think a lady would like one of those belts?" he asked.

"It depends on the lady," said the girl, pertly. "Some would and some wouldn't. That's an old-style belt. The pulley belt is the newest thing."

"Why didn't you let me see them in the first place?" asked Mr. Dobley. "That is what I want: the newest thing in belts."

The girl took out a box of satin belts of different colors. "What size?" she asked.

"Waist twenty-one inches," he said.

"Then you'll want a nineteen belt," said the girl.

"Why should I want a nineteen belt for a twenty-one inch waist?" he inquired.

"Because you take two or three inches less in these belts," explained the salesgirl.

"Are you sure of that?" he asked.

"I have one on," said the girl.

"How much are they?" said Dobley.

"Two-fifty each," said she.

"I'll take two," said Dobley, desperately.



Why Not Study Art?

If you have the talent, we have the equipment (\$300,000 invested), the teachers and the curriculum to teach it to you. Remuneration for your work gives you the opportunity to continue with your studies. Our department of "Applied Arts" teaches how to get remuneration for your work.

Our illustrated catalogue gives you, **FREE**, valuable information whether you come to our school or not. Send for it.

HALSEY C. IVES, Director,

St. Louis School of Fine Arts, St. Louis, Mo.

"Well, well, well!" said the girl who talked to space.

Dobley escaped with his belts through a door, the grating of which had been put up except in one space, through which he was allowed to pass, eyed by the saleswomen as though he were a criminal. When he got home he displayed them to Mrs. Dobley.

"The very newest thing," he said.

Mrs. Dobley tried one on and it fitted.

"Well," she said, "you can shop better than I. They are perfectly lovely. Shopping is a perfect torment to me. The saleswomen and men are so disagreeable on hot days."

"I don't know that I exactly care for shopping," said Dobley; "but when it comes to a belt hunt give me the scent and I am game." —New York Sun.

* * *

Pulley belts and clasps, 200 different beautiful designs, silver plated, gray or gold finish, 50c to \$6, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

* * *

THE WRONG CARDS.

A young married lady had just acquired a new coach and a new footman to match. "John," she said one day, "we will drive out to make a few calls. But I sha'n't get out of the carriage; you will, therefore, take the cards that are on my dressing table and leave one of them at each house we stop at." "Very good, ma'am," answered John, and he ran upstairs to fetch the cards. After they had driven about a considerable time and cards had been left at a large number of houses, the lady remarked: "Now we must call on the Dales, the Framptons and Clarkes." "We can't do it," broke in the footman in alarm. "I've only the ace of spades and the ten of clubs left!"

THESE ARE THE DAYS

When a drink should combine refreshing qualities with nutrition.



Burton Half and Half

"RED LION BRAND."

A happy commingling of rich Porter and appetizing Sparkling Ale is the beverage par excellence for the heated term. You can't get better; it's not made.

If your grocer or liquor dealer cannot supply you telephone brewery, Kinloch D 1344; or Bell, Tyler 165 M.

BURTON ALE AND PORTER BREWING CO. ST. LOUIS.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Though "New England" in name, it is national in reputation—yes, international, for it has proved the fallacy of the necessity for foreign study to make a finished musician or elocutionist.

GEORGE W. CHADWICK, Mus. Dir. All particulars and Catalogue will be sent by FRANK W. HALE, Gen. Man., Boston, Mass.

The Mirror.

THE STOCK MARKET.

There is no occasion to veer from the steadfastly-held opinion in this column for some weeks past that there need be no time wasted in looking for any improvement in the stock market. Good tidings about crops, the reports of increased earnings, the things that are urged in support of bull arguments, have all been discounted.

The great heat had made the market somewhat dull, in spite of some factors ordinarily tending to liveliness. The statements of traffic of the Southern Railway Company and the Missouri Pacific, showed gross increases in both instances remarkably large, even when contrasted with a period of heavy traffic last year. This, however, was not remarkable as a stimulus to trading in those stocks. Indeed, the movement in the railway list was exceedingly restricted and transactions were few.

A feature of the early week was the liveliness in certain specialties and industrials, as in National Tube common and Colorado Fuel and Iron. The report of the first was said to be strong, but even that report was unequal to stimulating faith in the article. The industrial, of whatever character, is decidedly out of favor with the speculative public. The Colorado Fuel and Iron activity was based upon prophesies of payment of dividends, and the activity was confined to the preferred stock.

Sugar had a slight splurge, but it was sporadic and not well sustained, and there was a slump at the close on the strength of assertions that the selling price of soft sugars would be reduced.

Brooklyn Rapid Transit remains what this paper has always called it, a gambler's game, subject to sympathetic and, sometimes, suspicious movements with other stocks. It is no better now as an investment than it has been any time within the very recent past.

Reading, which was booked for a big rise Monday, did not experience the anticipated elevation. The semi-annual dividend of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent was a disappointment to the wise-acres. They had figured out that the dividend would be better, and consequently there was a sharp decline.

Taking the situation as a whole, the outlook is not one looking to a betterment of prices. The Chinese and South African situations have not been so much changed as to promise any relief from depression. When the good news from those quarters comes the good effect is immediately offset by the fact that the people who have been stocked up on the securities most affected by events in the Far East and South Africa take advantage of the news to unload. The most hopeful indication for the future is the fact that the railroads will soon begin moving the crops. This will require a great deal of money to be sent out from New York; more than usual, in fact, because the bank reserves in the crop sections are low. This means advance in money rates. The earnings of crop-moving railroads may be enlarged somewhat, but it is probable that this, too, has been discounted in advance.

There was a spurt in rubber, Tuesday. There was a heavy transfer of common stock and the result was a flutter up and down within a range of three points. There was talk of consolidation of U. S. Rubber with the Rubber Goods Company of America, a greater rival, but this was denied, though not so strenuously as to set the rumors at rest. Rubber, like the other industrials, is a good thing to fight shy of. Only the manipulators know what the stock

will do, though, of course, an assurance of consolidation will send rubber up. Rubber, however, is naturally elastic.

It may be a little monotonous to take this pessimistic tone concerning the market, but the general conditions are such as to make so-called pessimism synonymous with common sense. This is the reason when nothing happens, not even the unexpected. Later, it is the opinion of the more thoughtful, there will be a recurrence of the Bryan scare of four years ago. The recent political lull precedes a storm. When the Bryanites "begin to whoop her up," the noise will frighten the timid, in spite of General Grosvenor's elaborate tabulations of the States that are certain to be carried for the gold standard. It will be found in some quarters that the gold standard does not seem so secure as it did before Mr. Bryan was nominated. The going out of gold in \$1,000,000 packages, as on Monday, indicates that there will be further shipments to meet the needs of the Britishers and others, and this will make money tight. The story of the stock-market for this week is different from the story of past weeks only in minor details. The tendency is the same—down. Occasional advances will be followed by further declines. It is a good thing that trading is light, this being the vacation season. As a rule it may be said that those who are on vacation and letting the market alone are not missing much.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Fifty shares of St. Louis & Suburban stock at 76 and 10 shares of United Railways preferred at 66 $\frac{1}{2}$, were the total sales at the local stock exchange session Tuesday. The close on Suburban stock was 75 $\frac{1}{2}$ bid, 76 $\frac{1}{4}$ asked, and on the United Railways preferred was 66 $\frac{1}{4}$ bid, 66 $\frac{3}{4}$ asked. St. Louis Transit stock was 20 $\frac{1}{4}$ bid, 21 asked. United Railways 4s were 85 bid, 85 $\frac{1}{4}$ asked.

National Bank of Commerce stock was firm at 240 bid, 247 asked. Continental National was offered at 172. Third National was 146 $\frac{1}{2}$ bid, 147 asked. American Exchange was 200 bid, 206 asked. Mechanics' was 196 $\frac{1}{2}$ bid, 202 asked. Boatmen's was 184 $\frac{1}{2}$ bid, 190 asked. St. Louis Trust Co. stock was 222 bid, 230 asked. Union Trust was 230 bid. Lincoln Trust stock was offered at 146 $\frac{1}{2}$. Mercantile at 252, and Mississippi Valley at 295.

Missouri-Edison common was offered at 17 $\frac{3}{4}$ and the 5s at 95 $\frac{1}{4}$. Granite-Bimetallic mining stock was lower, at \$2 07 $\frac{1}{2}$ bid, \$2.20 asked. American-Nettie was \$1.15 bid, and San Sebastian was 8 cents bid, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents asked.

Tuesday's clearing house statement showed: Clearings, \$4,874,354; balances, \$513,869.

"BEAUTY'S A FLOWER."

Youth's for an hour,
Beauty's a flower,
But love is the jewel that wins the world.

Youth's for an hour an' the taste o' life is sweet
Ailes was a girl that stepped on two bare feet;
In all my days I never seen the one as fair as she,
I'd have lost my life for Ailes, an' she never cared for me.

Beauty's a flower, an' the days o' life are long,
There's little knowin' who may live to sing another song;
For Ailes was the fairest, but another is my wife,
An' Mary—God be good to her!—is all I love in life.

Youth's for an hour,
Beauty's a flower,
But love is the jewel that wins the world.
Moira O'Neill.

SOUTHERN WOMEN.

The Atlanta Journal is distressed at the lack of interest taken in athletic sports by Southern women. "In Atlanta there are possibly not more than four or five women who play tennis moderately well, not more than a half-dozen who play golf, very few who wheel, and still fewer to join in other outdoor amusements," says the writer. He is too gallant to hint that his countrywoman is indolent. He says her "innate modesty may have something to do with her persistent refusal to place herself on a footing with her brother in sports and athletics, but that seems improbable." The energetic minority in the South is making efforts to rouse the apathetic sisters to athletic activity, "but what the future holds in that line is a totally unknown quantity." The New York Commercial Advertiser ventures this explanation: "The Southern girl does find time to read, and write, and talk, as we all know, although she cannot fence and dive, and pays no attention to cricket or polo. She is apt to take more interest in the little curls on her brow, the magnolia tint of her complexion, and the picturesque droopiness of her shady hat than in a score of golf, a bicycle gymkhana, or a rowing match. These things necessitate inelegant haste and bustle, and the raising of voices, all of which the Southern lover of grace disapproves. Give her a fan and a pretty frock, a red parasol and a young man to talk to, and the average Southern girl is willing to let her Northern sister take all the violent sports and all the glories thereof. She may fade faster than her open-air sister of the North, and she may not have as sound a constitution, as broad shoulders and as deep a chest, but she keeps her hands small and white, and she doesn't learn how to be rough in voice or manner."

• • •

He—In case of doubt play a trump!
She—But, dear me! I haven't that many trumps!—Puck.

SUBURBAN.

Two Shows Daily—Rain or Shine.

NEXT WEEK,

High-Class Vaudeville

Charles Wayne and Anna Caldwell,

George Wilson, Carroll Johnson,

Al. Blanchard and Fred Warren,

Maud and Dick Garnella,

Tom Brown and others.

Admission, Free. Reserved Seats, 10c and 25c

DELMAR.

10c
25c
50c

WEEK OF AUGUST 12

E. R. RICE'S MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA, "EXCELSIOR, JR."

SEE THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE AND STEEPLECHASE.

Reserved seats at Bollman Bros., 1100 Olive st.

RACES Fair Grounds To-Day 6 HIGH-CLASS RACES.

Racing begins 2:30 sharp, rain or shine.

ADMISSION, INCLUDING GRAND STAND, \$1.00.
CONCERT BY BAFUNNO'S BAND.

\$7.50 Chicago and Return.

Here is a splendid opportunity to visit the second city in the United States at half what it would usually cost. These low rate tickets will be sold August 25th to 29th, inclusive. Limit, September 1st, under easy conditions will be extended to September 30th.

Three trains each way every day. Compartment Sleepers and Regular Sleepers on night trains 9:05 p. m. and 11:30 p. m. Parlor Car and Club and Library Car on day train 8:40 a. m. Free bedding Chair Cars on all trains.

Wabash Ticket Office,
Broadway and Olive, S. E. Cor.

FOREST PARK Highlands Hopkins' Pavilion.

ALL-STAR COMPANY.

PAPINTA,

Cornelias, Mlle. Troja and others.

NEXT WEEK,

MISS MURPHY

In the Grounds.

Admission to Theater 10c.

Reserved seats 25c.

UHRIG'S CAVE.

Spencer Opera Co.,

GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD, Prima Donna.

This Week. Saturday Matinee.

IL TROVATORE.

NEXT WEEK,

FAUST.

Seats on sale at A. A. Aal's, 515 Locust, and Ostertag Bros., 2336 Washington avenue.

Cherokee Garden

CHEROKEE STREET,

From Iowa to California avenues.

A Cool and Refreshing Resort,

Universally famous for its
SCHMIERKASE.

Convenient to all Street Cars running through
South St. Louis.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A DOUBTER DOUBTS.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

In the last MIRROR I have read, with a measure of satisfaction, your statement that "Public sentiment in St. Louis in favor of municipal reform is growing." This measure would be in enlarged degree if I thought you really believed—or had reason to believe—this public sentiment was deeply grounded or other than a spasmodic one. But is not your belief, in this case, akin to the wish that is father to the thought? Have we not had a hundred crises at different times in our history, though none so grave as this, when momentary convulsions of indignation and resolve would pass through and around and under Jim Blair's "aggregation of people living together because they cannot help it" (or words to that effect)—convulsions inspired by solid and lamentable causes which had been set forth as ably, perhaps, as you have written on the present condition, and which, sometimes, lasted nearly to the hour action would be necessary? Ah! my dear sir, I fear that in this case, as then, your efforts will be unavailing. You may inveigh against the inertness and indifference of the masses. L. D. Kingsland and Corwin H. Spencer may protest against "the personal selfishness of our rich and influential men." The daily press may follow you to a certain extent. But in a short time, comparatively, you will find your exhortations treated as did the fishes those of St. Anthony:

"The sermon now ended
Each turned and descended;
The pikes went on stealing.
The eels went on ceiling;
Much delighted were they
But preferred the old way."

(You will, I am sure, pardon a mental apology to the gentle saint, on my part, for the comparison. You know you are not built upon his lines.) And Ex-Governor Francis, too, who, taken "by and large," I hold to be the first citizen of St. Louis, and his associates may burst their hearts striving for the World's Fair, and may succeed in creating it and bringing it successfully through to the end—but, for the present, they are realizing that "Virtue is its own reward."

The problem, grave and deep, to be solved is how to stir into life and "keep a going" Jim Blair's aggregation. *Walter J. Blakely.*

St. Louis, August 5th, 1900.

DEPARTMENT STORES.

The experiment of levying special taxes on department stores is to be tried in Prussia. After the 1st of January, 1901, all merchandise is divided into four classes, and every concern which sells things belonging to more than one of these groups, is to pay a graduated tax, provided its sales amount to more than \$95,000 per annum, or 400,000 marks. From 400,000 to 450,000 marks, the tax is 4,000 marks. On sales between 950,000 and 1,000,000 marks, the tax is 18,000 marks, and for every additional 100,000 marks the tax is 2,000 marks. Of course this legislation is in the interest of the small shopkeepers, whose customers have found their wants better supplied by the large establishments. Some very amusing suggestions are made by the Minister of Finance in presenting this specimen of protectionism to the favored classes. He tells them that it will depend on them, whether the law shall fulfill the benevolent purpose of the State. They will be expected to organize, "with self-helpful motives," such associations as will increase their power to compete with the department stores. The middlemen, "through energetic, intelligent self-help," must now, by means of cheap purchases and profitable sales, secure themselves against competition of large capital. It does not seem to occur to the Finance Minister, that to relieve one class of tradesmen of the competition of another, is not to stimulate the former class to rely on their own exertions, but leads them to look for

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grippe. 10c. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 323a

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

help to the Government. We have tried the experiment for a good many years in this country; but the protected interests always claim that their competitors must be taxed a little more before self-help can be put in effective operation.—*The Nation.*

Wedding Invitations—Finest engraving, best material, correct in form. Mermod & Jaccard's, Society Stationers, Broadway and Locust.

HOW TO DRINK WATER.

As a rule it is much better to sip water than to swallow a glassful at one draught. The exception to this rule is in the morning, when one should drink a glassful or two of moderately cold water in order to flush the stomach while it is tubular. At other times, however, sipping the water is much more stimulating in its effect on the circulation. During the action of sipping, the nerve action, which slows the beating of the heart, is temporarily abolished, and, in consequence the heart contracts much more quickly and the circulation in various parts of the body is increased. Another advantage in sipping is the fact that the pressure under which the bile is secreted is considerably raised. It has been stated on good authority that a glass of cold water slowly sipped will produce a greater acceleration of the pulse for a time, than will a glass of wine or spirits taken at a draught. Sipping cold water will, in fact, often allay the craving for alcoholic drinks—a point worth remembering by those who are endeavoring to reform.

August Ladies' Home Journal.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

POPULAR SUMMER READING.

The Farringtons, E. T. Fowler, \$1.20; The Bath Comedy, Agnes and Edgerton Castle, \$1.20; The Touchstone, Edith Wharton, \$1.00; Marcelle of the Quarter, Clive Holland, \$1.00; Lying Prophets, Eden Phillipotts, \$1.20; As the Light Led, Baskett, \$1.20; Three Men on Wheels, Jerome K. Jerome, \$1.20; Sandburns, A. H. Lewis, \$1.20. A complete line of all the latest paper novels at

JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Burlington Route

3 GREAT TRAINS

No. 41. "Burlington-Northern Pacific Express" 9.00 A. M. to Kansas City, St. Joseph, Portland, Puget Sound. Northwest, via Billings, Montana. DAILY.

No. 5. "Nebraska-Colorado Express," one night to Denver, for Colorado, Utah, Pacific Coast. Also for St. Paul and Minneapolis. 2.05 P. M. DAILY.

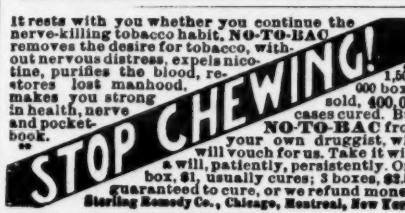
No. 15. For Kansas City, St. Joseph, Denver, Omaha, Nebraska, Colorado, Pacific Coast. 8.45 P. M. DAILY.

CITY TICKET OFFICE,
Southwest Corner Broadway and Olive Street.

HOWARD ELLIOTT, J. G. DELAPLAINE, L. W. WAKELEY,
General Manager. City Passenger Agent. General Passenger Agent.

BOOKS { All the late Cloth and Paper Bound Books can be found at ROEDER'S BOOK STORE,

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The Rocky Mountain regions, reached via the UNION PACIFIC, provide lavishly for the health of the invalid, and the pleasure of the tourist. Amid these rugged steeps, are to be found some of the most charming and restful spots on earth. Fairy lakes, nestled amid sunny peaks, and climate that cheers and exhilarates. The

SUMMER EXCURSION RATES

put in effect by the UNION PACIFIC enable you to reach these favored localities without unnecessary expenditure of time or money. In effect August 21st, September 4th and 18th. One fare, plus \$2.00, for the round trip from Missouri River to Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Ogden and Salt Lake City. Return limit October 31st, 1900.

For Time Tables and full information call on your nearest agent or address

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For
Bilious Dispepsia
and
Loss of Appetite.

Interesting Price-Cutting for This Week at
"ST. LOUIS' GREATEST STORE,"

CRAWFORD'S,

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MIDSUMMER SALE !!!

Nothing in the Line of Summer Goods whatever will be carried over. The Summer is just about half over, and as we so far have had no hot weather worth speaking off, you will grasp the significance of this sale.

READ CAREFULLY THE PRICES and COMPARE THEM WITH THOSE OF OTHER SO-CALLED SALES.

Skirts, Suits and Waists.

We will have on sale this week the best bargains ever offered in Ladies' Wash Waists; \$1.00 to \$1.25 Waists, now.....	25c
\$2.50 to \$3.50 Waists, now.....	98c
Ladies' Very Fine Homespun Walking Skirts, made with the new flair and inserted pleat; were \$13.50, now.....	\$7.50
All our Ladies' Fine Organdie Suits will be closed out at the following prices: \$16.50, \$18.50 to \$22.50 Suits, now.....	\$7.50
\$35.00 to \$37.50 Suits, now.....	\$18.98
A big clearing out of Ladies' Wash Skirts, Linens, Piques, Denims, Coverts and Crashes; all the very best styles; \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00 and \$3.25 Skirts, now.....	75c

WHITE GOODS.

Plain Colored Dimity in pink, green, red, lavender, navy and light blue; were 15c, now.....	10c
32-inch very sheer Indian Linen, a splendid wash fabric; was 15c, now.....	10c
A big lot of beautiful satin-stripe Persian Lawns, the sheer kind; were 20c, now.....	12½c
50c Mousseline de Soie in plain colors and short lengths, only.....	25c

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN BOYS' CLOTHING.

Little Boys' Vestee Suits, 3 to 8 years, fancy cheviots, cassimeres and tweeds; regular \$3.50 and \$4.00, now.....	\$2.48
Mother's Friend Shirt Waists, with shirt bosom, 8 to 12 years only; regular 98c, now.....	35c
Boys' Washable Sailor Suits, 3 to 10 years; regular 50c, now.....	25c
Youths' Long Trouser Suits, 14 to 19 years, fashionable materials, cut in the latest style; regular \$8.50, now.....	\$6.50

BELTS.

800 Ladies' and Children's Leather and Elastic Belts, all colors and styles; regular price 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25; your choice.....	10c
---	-----

FANS.

100 Large Size Japanese Folding Fans, lace stick, parchment paper, carved and spangled, the regular prices were 15c, 25c and 35c each; your choice at, each.....	5c
--	----

U. S. Post Office—Money Order Department.

Linen Department.

30 pieces Cream Table Damask, 64 inches wide, good heavy quality; would be cheap at 50c a yard, now, yard.....	35c
100 pieces All-Linen Unbleached Crash, for kitchen use; were 7c a yard, now, a yard.....	5c
200 dozen All-Linen Check Glass Doilies, 16 inches square, were 50c a dozen, now a dozen.....	35c
175 Bedspreads, crochet weave, large size, and all new patterns, hemmed and ready for use, were \$1.15, now, each.....	89c
200 Crochet Bedspreads, with fringe, for iron or brass beds, were \$1.50, now, each.....	\$1.15

WASH GOODS.

20 pieces 36-inch Linen Crash Skirting, was 15c per yard; now, yard.....	6c
100 pieces 32-inch Scotch Madras, was 15c and 20c; now, per yard.....	7½c
200 pieces fine grade of Batiste, in navy and light blue grounds, newest patterns of stripes and figures; were 10c and 12½c, now, per yard.....	5c
50 pieces 32-inch Quilting Sateens in fast colors; were 20c, now, per yard.....	7½c

DOMESTICS.

Three cases full yard wide Bleached Muslin, free from starch; was 6¼c, now, yard.....	5c
175 dozen Pillow Cases, sizes 42x36 and 45x36; were 15c, now, each.....	10c
100 dozen Bleached Sheets, size 81x90; were 65c, now.....	50c
100 dozen Bleached Sheets, size 90x90; were 75c, now.....	59c

HOSIERY.

Ladies' Imported French Lisle Thread Hose, fancy boots and all-black Richelieu ribbed and plain; were 50c, now 35c, 3 for.....	\$1.00
Ladies' Imported French Lisle Thread Hose, fancy stripe, checks, boot patterns and all-black Richelieu ribbed and plain; worth up to 75c, now.....	48c
Ladies' Imported French Lisle Thread Lace Hose, high spliced heels and toes, fast blacks, 25 different styles; now.....	48c, 69c and \$1.00

Children's Fine 6x1 Ribbed Fast Black Cotton Hose, full seamless, all sizes; were 15c, now, per pair.....	10c
---	-----

CASTILE SOAP.

Pure Castile Soap, Green and white, worth 25c a bar; at per bar.....	10c
--	-----

Pay Gas, Electric and Water License Here.

Embroidery Dep't.

100 pieces Fine Cambric Edgings and Insertions, from 3 to 6 inches wide, regular value 15c and 20c yard; now your choice at, yard.....	10c
20 pieces Fine Lace and Tucked All-overs, 25 small tucks and 4 rows of fine Val. Lace Insertions; regular price was \$1.00 yard; now, yard.....	69c
25 pieces Embroidered All-overs, embroidery 18 inches wide; nice for waists; regular price was 85c yard; now, yard.....	50c
5000 Remnants of Embroidery for almost nothing; we must have the room.	

Lawns and Dimities.

Down the Prices Go on These Goods.

100 pieces Striped Scotch Lawn, fast colors.....	2½c
100 pieces of Fine White and Black Lawn, fast colors, satin stripe; were 15c, now.....	5c
75 pieces Fancy Striped Dimities, were 15c; all new goods, now.....	5c
100 pieces Black Grenadines, lace effects; were 20c, now.....	10c

Millinery Department.

One lot Trimmed Hats; were \$4.98 and \$5.98, now.....	\$1.98
Twenty-five dozen Children's Trimmed Leg-horn Hats; were \$2.75, now.....	\$1.25
Large assortment of Flowers; were 39c, now.....	10c
15 dozen Embroidered Baby Caps; were 39c, now.....	15c

Ladies' Muslin Underwear

Ladies' Muslin Gowns, low neck, yoke trimmed with two rows of insertion, neck and sleeves edged with torchon lace, were \$1.00, now.....	75c
Ladies' Muslin Drawers, umbrella ruffle, trimmed with torchon lace; were 75c, now.....	50c
Ladies' Umbrella Skirts, deep flounce, with two clusters of tucks and edged with embroidery; were \$1.69, now.....	\$1.25

KNIT UNDERWEAR.

Ladies' Imported French Lisle Thread Vests, Swiss ribbed, low neck, no sleeves, silk ribbon in neck and arms, fancy colors and white, sizes a little broken; were \$1.00, now.....	48c
Ladies' Imported Swiss Ribbed All-silk Colored Vests, low neck, no sleeves, silk trimmed, some a little soiled and sizes somewhat broken; were \$1.25; now, each.....	75c
Ladies' Jersey Ribbed Vests, low neck, no sleeves, tapped neck and arms, were 12½c; now, each.....	7½c

The Mirror.

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" Indianapolis.....	2:25 pm	6:10 pm	4:05 am
" Cincinnati.....	6:00 pm	9:05 pm	7:30 am
" Cleveland.....	9:55 pm	1:50 am	2:30 pm
" Buffalo.....	2:56 am	6:18 am	7:30 pm
" NEW YORK.....	2:55 pm	6:00 pm	8:00 am
Ar. BOSTON.....	4:50 pm	9:05 pm	10:34 am

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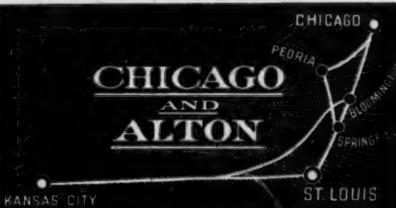
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